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Chapter 1 -Rain-

America groaned as he watched the rain splatter onto the window of the cafe. He really had not planned for it to rain. He supposed he was going to have to walk back in the rain. Again. That meant wet textbooks. He groaned again.

"Uhm...excuse me sir?" A small voice asked, catching him off guard and pulling him out of his thoughts.

" O-oh sorry. Did I make you wait?" He asked, straightening up and looking down over the counter to the smaller person or rather country.

"U-uh no it's okay! I just got here!" He quickly apologized and smiled warmly.

"So uh, how can I help you?" He asked politely.

"U-uhm...can I have two hot chocolates, one latte and one cup of americano." He smiled brightly.

America struggled a little to keep up with the order but somehow managed, "is that all?"

"Yes please. Thank you."

"That'll be 14.70 please."

The smaller country fumbled in his pockets for a bit and finally pulled put some notes passing it to the American who took it with a smile.

He put the cash in the register and too out the change, handing it to the smaller country.

"U-uh, you gave me too much change." The country pointed out as

America looked back to see he was indeed right.

"A-ah so sorry about that, thanks for telling me." America sighed. He wasn't usually this blur.

"No problems!"

"Thank you, you can head back first of you would like..."

"It's fine I'll stay and wait." The smaller country smiled politely.

America started to get the drinks ready, but he found the silence rather unbearable. He didn't enjoy this kind of silence.

"So, uh you here with friends or something?" He asked as an attempt to break the awkward silence forming between them.

"Uh yea...well actually I'm here on a a double date." He smiled nervously.

"You're Estonia right?" He asked as a hushed whisper.

"U-uh yeah. You're America then." Estonia smiled back relived that the country he was talking to was friendly.

"Yep. And I'm guessing the other three there are Finland, your date," he smirked as he watched Estonia's cheeks glow a bright red at the mention of his name, "Sweden and Norway, no?"

"You got it absolutely right. We're planning to go to the amusement park today as a surprise for Finland and Sweden since they've never been there before. But because it started raining we took a detour here to wait out the rain." Estonia explained.

"Wow, I see, I'm sure they'll love it, plus it looks like the rain might stop soon." America smiled back at the slightly less flustered country as he finished their drinks.

"T-thank you!" He smiled nervously again, fiddling with his hands.

"It was great talking to you. Here are your drinks, enjoy." America smiled as he handed Estonia their drinks and watched as he

struggled with them, contemplating whether or not to help the out but decided against it after watching Finland rush up to help him.

America sighed. How he wish he could find somebody who would do the same for him. But he was a hopeless romantic and shy person.

"Ame! Your shift is over!" His manager called out.

"Ah thanks Chase! I'll get going then." America thanked his, probably only, work friend. He went to the break room to take off his apron and shove it into his locker with his cap. He took out his school bag and books as well as his jacket and braced himself for the rain. He sighed.

He opened the door to exit the break room to the front door, waving bye to Estonia and his gang before leaving.

He was ready for the rain but did not expect it to be so heavy. He could take the bus home, but his house was only a 25 minute walk from the cafe and he needed to save money. After all his dad did refuse to pay for his university fees claiming he was a 'waste of money' and a 'disappointment of a son'. He frowned upon recalling his father's words. It did hurt him but he had to act as if it didn't. It was better that way.

He stopped by a park on his way home to take a a seat on one of the benches and rest. He didn't see a need to walk faster, he was already soaked through the skin.

He plopped himself onto the bench, with a squelch and slumped down, closing his eyes letting the rain fall onto his face, not giving a care in the world that he was probably going to fall sick after this. Not that it really mattered or that anyone he knew would really care. Maybe Canada would. His siblings would be too busy to notice.

He was so lost in his thoughts he hadn't realised that the rain had stopped falling onto him.

"Hey it's not good to sleep in the rain you know..." a deep heavily

accented voice said.

America's eyes shot open as he sat up abruptly, shocked by the voice. He looked towards the source of the voice. He did not recognize this country...but he did seem familiar for some reason.

He had a white, blue and red stripes diagonally across his face and was extremely tall. He wore a simple striped shirt and a jacket over it along with a pair of jeans and some sneakers. He was holding an umbrella over America and himself. It was the first time somebody or rather a stranger had been so nice to him.

"A-ah thanks, it's fine though..." he smiled back

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Positively."

"Alright then you should head back home soon before the rain. Gets heavier." The taller country said as he turned to leave.

America watched as he turned the corner and disappeared. He waited for a while. Then decided to head back. At least before his dad realizes he has been out for too long and scolds him for not obeying house rules and punishes him. Or notice the fact he was drenched and would reprimand him about getting the 'expensive' books wet. Not like he really paid for them. Most of them were bought by himself. His dad only helped him out financially if he was willing to sacrifice some of his freedom. Which of course he was very unwilling to.

He sighed and got up, slowly trudging back home.

When he reached the door of his house, Britain was already standing there, in the shelter of the porch, watching America walk into the garden.

America sighed. This was gonna take a while. He was sure in it for today.

He made his way towards his father but paused when he saw another figure also staring at him with a rather frustrated

expression.

"Mom....?"

_____

1153 words

Sorry a little short, I hope you liked it tho :3

Chapter 2 -Trouble-

"Mom....?"

Well, this was unexpected.

"United States of America." Britain sternly called out.

America simply nodded knowing that nothing he may say would change the situation he was in.

"Do you know what time it is? Just where have you been young man? You're always leaving the house early in the morning and coming back late at night. You're never seen in the house. Heck, you're not even seen studying when you're at home! I bet all you care about is hanging out and having fun with your friends." He lectured.

Ameria nodded, letting his words fade past him as he slowly approached him.

He frowned at his reaction.

"Don't you have anything to say, young man?"

"Sorry Dad, I'll try not to do that again." He mumbled as he walked past him into the house, his voice trailing after him.

"You always say that, but it keeps happening!" He continued, "and what have you been doing? You're drenched! You're dieting the floor! At least clean yourself up before coming in! I do hope your school books aren't in that bag." He groaned as he walked away, presumably his office to continue with his work.

America sighed in relief as he massaged his head.

"America."

Ah right, he forgot about his mother too.

" Yes, mom?" America asked, confused.

"You forgot to send New Zealand to school today..." she sighed.

Oh right. That was what he was forgetting. He forgot it in his haste to make it for his extra shift.

" Sorry, mama. I was busy, I'll try to remember next time."

"Please be more responsible America...if anything is bothering you, you can always talk to me, we're worried for you, okay?" She smiled softly as she put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

He contemplated whether to reply with a snarky comment about his father caring about him. He quickly decided against it after seeing the look in his mother's eyes.

"Yes, mama. Thank you, I love you too." He smiled back before turning around to head to his room.

He closed the door to his bedroom and quickly worked on hanging up his wet books to dry. After ensuring his books were taken care of, he proceeded to worry about himself. He decides to take a quick shower despite his urge to just lay in bed all day, deciding catching a cold would be troublesome.

He groaned as he peeled off his wet clothing and placed it into the laundry basket. He was shivering by now. It would be a miracle if he did not catch a cold after spending so much time in the rain.

He stepped into the shower and let the water run over his body as he silently let his thoughts run free.

Ah, right there was that stranger in the park. He did seem familiar. America furrowed his eyebrows as he tried his best to remember his name. All he recalls is his name starts with an R. He groaned in frustration as nothing else came to his mind. He put his hand on his face to wipe the warm water of his face when he realized he had

forgotten to take his sunglasses off.
He cursed at himself as he quickly took it off and placed it onto the sink top. It was then he realized he had also forgotten to take off the bandages around his forearms. Now they were soaked. He would have to hang them up to dry again. There was no point in removing it since it was already soaked.

He finished his bath and stepped out of the shower. His feet were expecting the warm fluffy carpet that was normally there. But it was instead met with the cold hard slippery floor. The contact with the cold floor made him lose his footing and fall onto his bottom, his back slamming painfully against the shower door with a thwack. He groaned in pain as he sat on the ground wet, in pain and a little shocked.

He was really absent-minded today. He had no idea why either. He slowly got back up, massaging his back as an attempt to soothe the aching pain from the fall but to no avail. He grabbed a towel and dried himself off as he headed to his wardrobe to get fresh new clothes to wear. He decided on a baggy shirt and a pair of basketball shorts.

After getting dressed, he felt a little too cold for comfort. He wondered if he should've gone with sweatpants instead. He decided to just wear socks instead of changing again. He sat down on his bed, sinking into the soft mattress, sighing. He lifted one foot and and slipped one grey fluffy sock onto it easily. He did the same for the other, setting both clothes and now warm feet onto the soft carpeted ground. He walked across the room to his door, throwing it open and checking the corridor to make sure no one was wandering around. Either that or his father leaning against the walls waiting for him. Lucky for him, it was dead empty.

He slowly stepped out only to slip as his face was met with the hard, cool wooden floor. It seriously hurt. Falling onto your face and falling for the second time in the span of probably only less than 30 minutes. He was really careless today. He blazed in his position, hoping nobody had heard him fall or even worse, seen him fall. Lady luck wasn't by his side now. The noise had caught his older brother's attention. He had peeked his head from behind his door to see his younger brother lying face down on the polished

wood floor, groaning. He stifled a laugh as he walked up to him, concerned for his wellbeing.

"Ame? Are you okay?" He asked as he squatted down in front of his younger brother.

"Mm, yea." His muffled voice replied, his face still planted on the ground.

"Do you need help getting up?" He asked again, chuckling at his brother's silliness.

"That would be nice." America smiled softly, finally lifting his head off the ground to get a good look at his oldest brother, Canada.

Canada sighed as he stood up, grabbing America's hand. He huffed as he pulled him up.

"Thanks." America grinned as he massaged his stomach and nose which had taken most of the impact.

"Oh. Your glasses. They're cracked too." Canada pointed out as he reached out to examine the crack on the lenses more.

This, however, caused America to flinch and shy away. He put his hands over his head as he protected his face or sunglasses, Canada couldn't really tell, from his hands. He was also trembling a little.

"Oh...u-uh...sorry, didn't mean to do that." Canada apologized awkwardly. He pulled his hand back and stood there staring America's quivering figure.

After a short while, America peaked out from behind his arms, realizing Canada didn't mean any harm. He softly apologized saying he was heading back into his room to get a new pair.

Canada felt bad for America. He genuinely did. It wasn't his fault he was put through everything he has been through. Maybe some of it was. But it wasn't totally his fault. Yet America blamed himself for everything. It did hurt Canada to see his younger brother hurt himself like that. Nobody ones to see a close one do something like that. It really hurts. But he knew there was little to nothing he

could do other than provide support for his brother and be there when he needed him.

He heard sobs from America's room. He was at it again. He really did want to storm in there and stop him, comfort him. But he knew it wouldn't have much effect. It would only stop him for now. He'd probably do it again when Canada was gone.

"I heard some noise, is everything alright here?"

1329 words
A/N

Due to the fact that school has started and that it's a new year for me, I might be a little. Busy trying to keep up with the workload and adjust. So I hope you can excuse my lack of updates or late updates. Of course, I will still do my best to update every week . I seek your understanding, thank you for your support.

Chapter 3 -tears and joy-

"I heard some noise, is everything alright here?" A familiar voice asked Canada.

Canada turned around to look at the source of the voice. Probably also one of the reasons America was sobbing behind that door. He knew if he lied, he could get into trouble if he found out. But if he told the truth, America would be even more mentally unsound. He decided lying would be the better option.

"Ah, dad....uh...I just tripped and fell on my way out of the room." He lied as he tried to sound as natural as possible.

Britain raised an eyebrow but let it pass. He walked back down to his office, sighing due to the fact he had wasted his time on nothing.

Once Canada was sure Britain had left, he went to check on America.

He knocked softly on America's door. He heard the sniffling stop for a bit.

"America? Are you okay?"

"Y-yeah." His voice muffled by the door.

Canada sighed knowing full well this was not true. But America wouldn't let anyone see him in his vulnerable state right now. Not if he could help it. Canada walked back to his room in defeat.

America waited until he was sure Canada was gone before getting up and heading to his bathroom. He locked the door and sunk into the slightly damp bit fluffy mat. He shakily exhaled, trying to calm down, but that only caused his panic attack to grow worse. He was never good at dealing with them. It usually took a few hours before he would be fine again. And all he could do before those few hours

were up, was sit around and cry. Pathetic. He felt useless and pathetic.

Meanwhile, Britain was having troubles of his own. He was unable to concentrate on his work. Every time he tried to do his paperwork, his mind wandered off to his son, or more specifically, America. He knew both of them didn't share the best past but he had not meant for it to be like that. He wanted the best for America of course. But he and America were rather different. He was uptight and strict. And a short fuse and always kept to the rules. He was reasonable and logical. America, on the other hand, was...chaotic in his mind. He was also a wonder. He was laid back and fun. He knew no limits or boundaries to his dreams. He reached for the stars and worked to the moon. He was crazy some times as well and emotional. His dreams and ideas were rather big and daring. Adventurous and illogical. This made it harder for Britain to get along with him. Especially after their big fight.

Britain was not good at showing his affection. Especially for America. He often ended up hurting him in which he regrets but is unable or dares not do something about it. Mainly because of his pride. He knows about how their past greatly affects America's mental health. But he's afraid if he tries to fix it he'll make it worse. He's afraid of having to admit he was wrong, being inferior in someone else's eyes. Fear holds him back from relieving America of their terrible past.

While behind closed doors, America's past continues to haunt him. Memories floating through his head and playing back over and over again. Of him being abused, enclosed, chained. Of his people suffering and crying for help. He sobs harder. He remembers how helpless and worthless he felt being unable to help them. He gasps as he felt vile start to rise in his throat. He rushes towards the toilet, managing to collapse next to the toilet bowl just before spewing out his small snack before his shift and stomach acid. He had skipped lunch entirely. He would probably also skip dinner thanks to his panic attack.

He wiped his mouth with his sleeve and huddled up against the bathroom wall in a quivering and sobbing mess. He tried to remember why he had started to panic. He sobbed harder. He was

crying just because of his cracked sunglasses. Or was it the fact that Canada had gotten too close? It might've been his insecurity instead. Or the fact he thought he was going to be beaten again he wasn't sure. He couldn't exactly think straight while he was drowning in his tears and grief.

He needed to calm down. He needed to think. He wasn't a little kid anymore. He can't afford to waste time just crying in his bathroom. He took a few shaky breaths in and out, a few sharp ones as well in an attempt to clear his mind and stabilise his breathing. Hopefully, this would help calm him down. After a few minutes of shaky and sharp breaths, he felt much calmer but quite tired and shocked.

He felt too tired to get up and into bed and just fell asleep leaning against the bathroom wall. In his unconscious state, he didn't feel someone pick him up and tuck him into bed. He sighed in comfort and snuggled deeper into his blanket after being placed and tucked into bed.

"I'm so sorry America." The figure said as it left the rooms closing the door behind it.

-Time skip brought to you by Canada and France cooking.-

America woke up to someone shaking him.

"America!" A voice whispered loudly as a pair of hands shook him harder.

"Mmph.." America lazily replied as he opened his eyes to see a blurry figure. He rubbed his puffy eyes to clear his vision.

"Oh gosh, you look terrible." The voice commented again.

America put his hands down and finally got a good look at whoever it was waking him up. Ah. It was the angel. Canada. He looked around him. He wasn't in his bathroom anymore. He was in bed.

"W-what..?" America tried to ask. But his throat was rather sore and dry from all that crying. He could barely speak.

"You okay dude? You sound terrible." Canada asked as he placed a

hand on his shoulder.

America nodded.

"I left some dinner on the table for you. You can heat it when you want to eat it, okay? Also, make sure to take care of yourself. You're in terrible shape." Canada nagged. He and France were alike.

America nodded more vigorously this time. He probably wasn't going to speak for a while with his throat in the condition it was.

"Wait here, Ame. I'll go get some warm honey lemon for you." Canada sighed, "Would you like your dinner with that as well?"

America nodded and mustered the best smile he could. This caused Canada to smile as well as he got up to get his dinner and a warm drink. He closed the door behind him and made his way down to the kitchen.

As Canada waited for the microwave to heat his brother's dinner, he heard a loud crash sound from upstairs. This shocked Canada. He quickly set the tray with the warm honey lemon on the countertop and rushed upstairs towards the source of the noise. By the time he was up the stairs, it was completely silent. He had six rooms to choose from, and he had no idea which one the noise came from. He had no choice but to check each one until he came across the right room. He sighed and reached for the first door handle.

1238 words

holyyyy (not a chapter)

[image]

I have been blessed by the wattpad gods and you guys.

This is like the most amount of reads I've ever gotten on a book...I'm so happy thank you all so much!!

Chapter 4 - it's okay to cry -

"Aussie?" Canada gaped at the sight in front of him.

Australia was hugging his tablet and rolling around on the floor. At least he was. Until Canada walked in. He stared wide-eyed at Canada.

"Yes...?" Australia smiled awkwardly.

"What are you doing..?"Canada asked, still frozen in shock. I mean it's not every day you walk in on your brother cuddling his tablet.

"Who's that Aus?" a muffled voice came from the device.
[overprotective brother mode activated]

Australia started to sweat.

Canada looked at Australia and then at the device twice.

"Australia, who's that?" Canada asked. Ah. he was beginning to forget why he even opened the door in the first place. Oh well.

"uUuhhhhHHhhh...nobody?" Australia smiled nervously.

"Did you just call me nobody??" the person on the other line raised his voice.

"N-no!" Australia lifted the tablet to look at the other person.

Canada walked over to Australia who was still on the floor. Australia noticed this a little too late. He tried to roll away and get up before Canada reached him but to no avail. Canada managed to wrench the tablet away from Australia's grasps. He flipped it over and got a good look at the person Australia was video calling. Ah. It was non-other than Brazil.

"Hey, Australia's brother! let me guess, mmmm...Canada?" He asked as he grinned.

Canada raised a brow, "Oh yeah. What's Aussie doing video calling you?"

Brazil gave a hearty chuckle as Australia got up and started to try and get his tablet back. But Canada held him back with his arm.

"That's strictly confidential." Brazil grinned as he put a finger to his lips.

"Well, I would like to know what made him start squealing and rolling around while hugging his tablet at 10 pm at night," Canada stated.

"As I said it's strictly confidential," he said as he held back his laughter.

"Alright." Canada sighed as he handed the tablet back to a happier Australia. He then walked out of the room and shut the door.

He headed back down to the kitchen to get America's meal and warm, well now, semi-warm honey lemon. He grabbed the tray and headed up to America's room. **[oops he forgot about the noise.]**

He made his way up the wooden stairs. He had a feeling he was forgetting something. He sighed. If it wasn't important, he would have remembered. It'll come back to him sooner or later anyway. Hopefully. He balanced the tray on one hand as he reached to open the door. The sight before him was more shocking than the one in Australia's room. It was a little hard to see but he could make out a body and a pile of books and fallen shelves sprawled on the floor. He reached for the light, flicking it on and placing the tray down carefully on America's study table.

He quickly rushed over to the pile of books and shelves, "America?"

His worry intensified when no reply came after a few seconds. But he heard a faint groan. he sighed in relief. he was still alive, okay. He quickly pushed the pieces of broken wood from the shelf and some books off the American boy to help him get up. Once he was sitting upright, Canada made a small clearing in the pile of books and shelves for both of them to sit down.

"Are you okay?" Canada asked as he started to search America's body for wounds. He found a few bruises, but nothing too bad.

"Y-yeah...sorry." he apologized for any worry and trouble he had caused his brother. His voice was still hoarse.

"It's fine Ame. Don't apologize. What happened anyway?"

"I-i...was not looking where I was going. But I wanted to head to the bathroom. So I got out of bed and took a few steps before crashing into the shelf. I pulled it down with me when I fell over on accident..and it...broke...."

"At least you're fine." Canada sighed in relief but tensed up again when he saw his younger brother start to cry.

"A-America? W-what's wrong?"

"D-dad's gon-gonna kill-*sniff* me when he f-finds out!" he nearly wailed as he started to cry harder.

"America! It's fine. I'll explain to dad, okay? I'm sure he'll listen to me."

"N-nO! YoU'Ll gEt iN troUblE!" America wailed harder. It was getting harder to understand him.

"Come on Ame. We'll find a way to explain to dad okay? But first, you need to calm down and eat your dinner." Canada could tell this was going to be a long night. America had already gone through two mental breakdowns that he knew off today. He was sure there was more to come.

"I d-don't w-wanna! It w-won't help!" he sobbed even louder. Canada hoped Britain was too busy to come up and check on them.

"Alright then. We'll just wait for you to calm down then."

"s-sorr-*hic*ry" America cried.

"It's okay. It's okay to cry and let all your emotions out sometimes. It's healthy and it's normal. I'll always be here for you, okay?"

"T-thank you *hic* Nada." America had calmed down a little and had buried his face into Canada's black shirt, drenching it with his salty tears.

Canada didn't mind though. His main priority was his brother's safety and health. He hugged him tighter and whispered reassuring things into his ear as a way to comfort him and calm him down. It seemed to be working. Seven minutes, and a bit of apologizing, later, America was in bed, covers keeping him warm, a warm bowl of soup in his hand and a cup of room temperature honey lemon on his bedside table. While Canada cleaned up the mess America had made. He had insisted on it. Not letting America get out of bed. 'Rest.' he had said glaring at the American and pushing him down to sit on the bed. America finished his soup and set it down onto the bedside table and sipped his honey lemon. He then reached for his plate of spaghetti that Canada had prepared. He twirled a few stands and ate it, chewing it. He stared back at the bowl. He looked at the mirror across the room at himself, he felt fat. He started to sob a little. Many of his schoolmates called him fat throughout elementary, middle and high school. Even now in University, there were some people who still made fun of his weight. He tried his best to stop the tears. Canada noticed. He stopped what he was doing and walked to his brother.

"It's okay. Just let it all out again if you have to. It's good for you, it's okay to cry sometimes." Canada hugged America, rubbing circles on his back.

America sobbed harder into Canada's warm embrace.

"What are you two doing? Are you crying America?"

Both of them Jumped a little. Canada turned his head at breakneck (:> pun intended) speed, his neck cracking in the process. America lifted his head. Both of them saw France and Britain stand at the entrance of America's room, clearly surprised upon finding the situation the two brothers were in.

1189 words

Publishing this a day earlier hope you enjoyed y'all. :>

Chapter 5 -Realization-

"Uh..."Canada gulped. America was still in his arms and there was an awkward tension in the air.

America sighed as he lowered his head and mumbled something barely audible for even Canada.

"What?" Britain asked with a raised brow.

Canada swallowed apprehensively hugging America tighter. America squeezed his arm as if gesturing to him to repeat what he had said.

"He said that he had caused a fuss and so I had to come and help him," Canada told Britain and France.

Britain furrowed his eyebrows and opened his mouth. France tugged his sleeve. He shut it, opened it again. But nothing came out. France shot Canada and America an apologetic glance as she dragged her husband to one side outside the room to presumably speak to him.

America was quite startled Britain didn't immediately scold him or reprimand him. Even Canada was very surprised. Both of them were grateful for it. They were both too exhausted to deal with his lecturing.

After a while, America had fallen asleep in Canada's arm from his episode, Britain and France re-entered the room. Britain cleared his throat to catch the attention of the dozing off Canada. He jumped a little but tried not to move to not wake the American.

"Is he...asleep?" Britain asked. Concern laced his voice.

'Funny. I've never seen him talk about him with so much concern.' Canada thought.

"Yes. He was tired." Canada replied shortly.

"Sorry for the hold-up. I just wanted to talk to him. I guess I'll talk to him another day then. Let him rest. Don't sleep too late, Canada." Britain commented then turned around and walked away. France gave a soft smile and left after Britain.

Canada slowly put America down on the bed and tucked him in. He proceeded to tidy the room up and clear the dishes. America had barely touched his dinner. He had only eaten the soup, half a cup of now cold honey lemon and few strands of spaghetti. America's panic attacks were beginning to get more frequent. It didn't help that he had decided to stop seeing his therapist about one and a half month earlier. He also knew about the big fight that drastically changed their relationship. It sent America's mental and physical health on a downward spiral to rock bottom.

Canada sighed as he carried the tray out of the room, switching the lights off and shutting the door in the process. He walked back down to do the dishes before heading to bed. He did have a meeting early tomorrow morning. He stretched his neck and it made a sickening crack noise as he sighed in relief.

"Canada?" a voice called out as he neared his room.

He turned around a little shocked. New Zealand was standing there, furrowed eyebrows, pursed lips, fiddling with the hem of his shirt.

"Yes, Zea?" Canada asked with a soft but tired smile.

"U-Uhm. I overheard Ame crying. Is he okay?" he finally spoke up worry written all over his face.

"O-oh." Canada didn't think America was *that* loud. Britain had built soundproof walls in almost every room to ensure that everybody could mind their businesses without being disturbed or distracted. He shuffled towards New Zealand.

"So, is he okay?? I know he forgot to take me to school today, and he normally isn't like that!" New Zealand teared up and raised his voice slightly. It was obvious he cared a lot for America.

"Z-Zea, he's just a bit shaken up. But he's fine now okay?" Canada was caught off guard by New Zealand's outburst. He seldom raised his voice at anyone. He embraced his youngest brother in a warm hug.

New Zealand Sniffled and hugged him back. "O-okay." he sniffed.

"There, there." Canada sighed as he comforted New Zealand. They stayed like that as Canada waited for his brother to stop sniffing.

"Is Ame going to be okay?" New Zealand suddenly asked.

"Why do you ask that?"

"He just seems more distant and worse than before now. He was getting better, now he's suddenly got back down after *that*."

"I'm sure he'll be fine. Besides, we'll be there for him when he needs us, right?"

"Mhm. Thanks, Nada." New Zealand sighed as he got up and smiled at his elder brother, "Good night then." He headed back into his room.

Canada replied with a hum. He decided to do one more check on everyone before hitting the sack. New Zealand was in bed. America was in bed. Australia....was still on the tablet. He lightly knocked on the door.

"Don't sleep too late Aussie." he reminded. He heard a small "Yea sure!" through the door before heading to bed. Finally. He felt so exhausted. He discarded his tear-soaked black shirt into the laundry bin and slipped on a fresh shirt. He flipped the lights off and skipped under the sheets, yawning.

Meanwhile with Britain and France :>

Britain groaned and laid his head on the table with a thump, "I just don't know how to say it to him!"

"I'm sure you can do it. You just need to find it in you." France sighed as she swirled the cherry red wine in the glass she was holding.

"Easy for you to say." Britain huffed.

"What was that?" France exclaimed as she furrowed her eyebrows and glared at her husband.

"Nothing."

"Liar! I heard what you said! You said easy for you to say!"

"Sorry. But it's true!"

"What no!"

"Yes! You're always so caring and nice towards the children and sweet towards me. you have no problem articulating your love

towards them, you put them above your pride and well, they all love you!" Britain gasped as he teared up slightly in frustration.

France froze.

"Really? You think that about me?" she asked in shock.

"yes! You're such a good wife and parent. Unlike me! I can't even amount to half of what you are and it's making me frustrated!" he sniffed.

France smiled.

"Awww. How sweet of you. Is mon chérie jealous?" France teased a sniffing Britain who struggled to hold his tears back.

"S-shut up!" Britain blushed at France's words.

France laughed. A smile made it's away to Britain's face. A genuine one in the first time in a while.

"Come one, you old man. You seldom laugh any more after *that* happened. I won't kill to loosen up a little." France chuckled.

Britain sighed.

"what? Do you need me to tell you a joke?" France joked.

"Oh Gosh. No. I'd rather die than listen to another one of your jokes. Save me from torture." Britain groaned.

France chuckled at that. Britain followed in suit. Soon the dull office space was filled with the sounds of laughter and sharing of terrible puns and jokes.

Britain would never forget how light-hearted he felt that night. He felt young and free again. He felt like America. It was then he realized exactly how to make it up to America. He just hoped he was right about it. Hopefully, he wouldn't make a fool out of himself in the process as well.

1151 words

UgHHhhG, ich wa sorey.

Yes. My hands are sore... I'm so sorry for letting ya'll down. But I'm struggling to keep up with school work, school and cca at the same time. Everything is soreee, and I'm sorey (Yes pun intended.) UhHHh I'll still try to update whenever I can. But I seek your understanding and patience. uhM yes. I love ya'll, and thanks for your support. I promise to update at least once a month. Be it short sweet fluff-filled chapters or an actual chapter. Alsoooo, hahha don't judge but uHhH, I have an art account on Instagram, so feel free to follow me? (therandompencil14) Thanks, you guys are great, freaking legends. I'll try to update weekly again once I start to cope with this year's workload ***(Which is probably never but ahem nobody needs to knowww)***

Ayyeeee Have a great month, don't die. :)

I'm on the verge of collapsing from streesss hhhhhhhhiiiiihhhhhm

Chapter 6 - First steps of change -

America groaned. There was a loud hammering and shouting at his door. His eyes felt glued shut and swollen. His mind was foggy, his vision hazy. He couldn't remember much from the day before. He tried his best but the yelling and hammering on the door resumed, interrupting his thoughts and giving him a headache. He grumbled in agony and held his head in his hands, trying to block out the noise. What time was it? He couldn't tell. The curtains were drawn shut, blocking out any possible sunlight from his window.

"Come on Meri! Get Up!" the hammering and yelling ensued again. Oh. It was Australia. He could recognize his loud booming voice from 5 miles away.

He lazily got out of bed, ignoring the ringing in his head. He threw open the door quickly, causing Australia to accidentally pound his fist into his nose. Head on. America's sleepy brain took a second to register the punch. Then he was on the ground, crying in pain, holding his face tightly. A warm liquid dribbled down his hands and face. He lifted his hands to look at it. It was red and thick. Oh god. America screamed louder. He was bleeding. He then fainted. Meanwhile, Australia stood there in shock. Oops. This was the third time this year he had accidentally injured one of his siblings. All the screaming had caught the attention of everyone in the house at the moment, which was only two other people, Canada and Britain.

"WHAT, WHO, WHERE, WHEN, WHY, HOW???!!??" Canada screamed as he slid into (Your DMs jk) view. Australia turned around and chuckled sheepishly.

"Uhh...Oops?"

Canada sighed, "Not again, Aussie."

"Sorry."

Canada groaned as he and Australia both turned to look at America's motionless body that was sprawled out in an awkward position and there were bloodstains on his face, hands, neck and the carpet beneath him. It looked like a murder scene.

"What happened?" Britain asked as he finally reached the group.

Canada jerked his head to America. Britain peered in and nearly screamed. It was truly frightening. Canada sighed and rolled up the sleeves of his flannel. Just another usual day in this household. He bent over America examining him. He had a pulse. he was fine. Probably passed out from shock or trauma.

"Aussie! Get two face towels and a bowl of warm water. Warm water, not hot Aussie." Canada instructed. Australia curtly nodded and ran off to fetch a towel and a bowl of *warm* not hot water.

"Dad, can you please get an ice pack from the freezer, tissue and the first aid kit?" he softened his voice. Britain nodded as he recovered from his shock and headed off to do as requested.

"Oh god. Ame." he groaned as he placed a pillow under his back to elevate his heart above his nose to minimise the amount of blood that was flowing out of his nose and onto this shirt. It seemed to work fairly well.

He just sat there next to America waiting for Australia or Britain to come in with the required things he had asked for.

Pretty soon, Australia rushed in with face towels draped over his forearm and a tub of warm water, spilling it in his hurry to reach Canada.

"Careful with the water Aussie!" Canada warned as he got closer.

"Ah, right sorry!" he slowed down and put down the things steadily

next to Canada.

Canada soaked the cloth in the warm water and cleaned the blood off America's body. With the blood out of the way, he could see the damage done. There was already a bruise forming on America's nose and a bit of his forehead. Thank goodness his nose wasn't broken. Canada sighed in relief. He took a new cloth and dipped into the warm water before placing it on America's nose. Britain came into the room at that moment.

"Just in time, can I get the tissues?" Canada smiled as snaked his arms under America's neck to lift his body into an upright position.

"Sure thing." Britain passed the tissues swiftly to Canada who took it and used it to soak up the blood flowing down America's nose.

After he made sure the blood had stopped, he put America back into a laying position. He gestured for the First aid kit and an ice pack which were swiftly placed in his hands. He used the soaked towel which was now cooler and wrapped the ice pack in it before placing it onto America's nose to help relieve the purple-blue bruise that was already forming. Canada only just realized that Britain was caring. He rarely even looked to see what had happened if it was America let alone step in to help. Something was going on and Canada hoped it was a good thing. Canada sat beside America, waiting for him to wake up.

Soon America began to stir and wake up. He groaned as he felt an aching pain in his nose and a bit of a cold but comforting pressure on it. He tried to sit up which caught the attention of the Canadian watching over him. Britain and Australia had already left the room a couple of minutes ago to 'do some paperwork' and 'feed my pets'.

Canada pushed him back onto the carpeted floor, "Woah watch it. Your nose might start bleeding again."

"Oh okay.." America nodded in reply as he laid back down. They both sat around in silence for a while. Until America felt a need to break the awkward silence.

"Hey Uhm, when can I get up?"

"Try to sit up now, is your nose okay?" Canada instructed.

America did as told. He did feel a bit dizzy from laying down for so long. Otherwise, he felt fine.

"Yea...I feel fine. Thanks, bro."I went to hug him. He hugged me back.

"Oh wait!" he rummaged in a first aid kit and brought out some medicinal oil, cream and a plaster.

He helped me apply the oil and cream to the bruised and slightly red area of my nose and stuck the plaster on it for me.

"O-oh. Thanks."

"No problems. I'll take the stuff out, could you help me with your carpet? I need to wash it."

America glanced down and spotted the bloodstain in the fluffy carpet. He felt immense guilt.

"Oh Okay, sure thing." he gathered it up in his arms and followed Canada., branching off to put it in the laundry room.

"I'm going to change," America announced.

Just as he was making his way up the stairs, he heard Britain call his name. he hoped it wasn't because he was in trouble again.

"America?" Britain's voice seemed softer.

"U-Uhm, yes dad?"

"Can I talk to you later? If you're not too busy of course." Britain asked. He seemed nervous. That was a first America thought.

"Sure. No problem. Just let me change first." America replied quickly. He was glad he wasn't in trouble. At least it didn't seem like he was.

America hurriedly brushed his teeth and changed into a grey shirt and blue basketball shorts.

He headed down for breakfast to see a plate stacked with 4 pancakes or him. He stared at it hesitantly but ate 2 of them when Canada gave him a questioning look then a glare when he walked past the kitchen. He then headed to Britain's office. He hoped this was about making up for their big fight a few months ago.

He knocked apprehensively.

"Come in!" Britain's voice called out from inside his office.

_____

1266 words

you guys are freaking awesome

[image]

Holy shit ya'll are amazing. Thank you guys so much for this! Ahhhh I'm so happy :)

I'd like to apologise in advance if there are short updates or updates there are irrelevant to the story, I've just been pretty busy with school. I'm glad you all understand but I feel like I owe it to you guys. Thanks. :) i may update some short one shots instead of normal chapters once in a while. But otherwise it'll be the normal once a week story chapters. Glad you all like this story:))

valentine's day special

UwU hope y'all have a great v day. Hopefully, you find someone if not its okayyy coz I have lots of love to share with ya'll through this story :3 enjoy!

Okay. so this special is just a one-shot. it's non canon. (At least not yet) and don't worry, America won't be in a threesome anytime soon (I think..) (please don't kill me)

! Warning !
Lots of fluff :3
High school au

It was that time of the year again. Where stores would be sold out of chocolates, love letters and roses would fill lockers. But America's would stay nearly empty as always. He has gotten one or two gifts in the past 3 years. The only time he regularly got chocolates on valentine's day was from his good friend, Russia, out of pity.

It wasn't that nobody liked America. Many people were interested in him. But he was so outgoing and friendly to everyone it was so easy to be led on by him. It was nearly impossible to tell who he liked.

Russia, on the other hand, was a little cold and distant to quite a large number of people, but he was quite the looker. No surprise that every year his locker was bursting with Love. If he was even the littlest bit friendly to you, he liked you enough to consider you a friend and put up with you.

He would spend the rest of the day after school going through the letter, cards, gifts and flowers in the schoolyard with America. He gave always gave America the best box of chocolates he received, mainly because he had taken a liking to the striped country. Not

that America knew of course. He has lived in oblivion for almost 4 years now.

Bit Russia is going to change that tomorrow. Yes. He's going to confess. He's standing outside a rather fancy and famous chocolate shop at the moment, debating what type of chocolates to get for America that he would enjoy. He knew for a fact America always left the dark chocolates for last and ate the sweet ones first. Especially those with caramel in it. Russia guessed America liked his chocolate sweet.

"Hello, Russia. Here to get chocolates for a special someone?" Russia turned around. Ah. It was Germany.

Russia nodded, his cheeks flushing at the thought of America.

"I see...having a hard time choosing?"

" da. Are you getting chocolates for Poland? Yes?"

It was Germany's turn to go red. How cute. Russia thought.

"Y-yea...not sure what he would like this year though."

Germany and Poland had been together since last valentine's day when Germany finally got the guts to confess.

"What food does he like to eat?"

"Savoury kinds I suppose. And not too sweet."

"Hmmm..." Russia roughly knew what he was looking for but still scanned the shelves for a perfect fit.

"How about these?" Russia picked out a box of mixed chocolates.

Germany gratefully took it from Russia's hands and read the tag. It consisted of two types of chocolate pastry called florentine and vanilla white. Germany nodded in approval at Russia's choice.

"I owe you, man. Need help with choosing chocolates?"

"Yea...do you know what chocolates America likes?"

"Oooh...you're his best friend and you don't know?? Pfft Ahah" Germany laughed. Russia frowned.

"Are you going to help me?" Russia grumped.

"Okay, okay." Germany chuckled, giving Russia one of his smug grins.

Russia's frown grew, "Does he even like chocolates? I don't see him eat them often."

"Yea he does. It's just not in his top 20. He likes macarons better. Big bonus if they're homemade. You probably don't know but he likes to bake and cook his food."

"How come he never tells me any of that?" Russia was puzzled. Even though and America were pretty much best buddies, Germany seemed to know more.

"Well...I can't tell you that. But America and I have been friends since elementary school." Germany explained.

"No wonder."

"If you want to know what types of macarons he likes, he likes most flavours except the weird ones."

"Thanks, Germany, I'll take note of that. Alright, I got to go get ingredients." Russia flashed Germany one of his rare smiles.

"No problems Russia. Go get that man!" Germany joked as Russia's face went red.

"But seriously, if you like him you might want to step up your game. Canada is overprotective of America and China is probably after him as well." Russia frowned at Germany's word. China was after him as well? Damn. He didn't want to compete with his friend.

Russia bid farewell to Germany and headed off on his quest to make the perfect gift for America. After 5 hours, and a lot of teasing from

his siblings, he had a few batches of different flavoured macarons, freshly baked and assembled.

He carefully picked out the best ones and packed them neatly into a rectangle box, tying a ribbon over the top to ensure the lid would not fall off. He left the rest of the macarons from Ukraine and Belarus to give to their friends or possibly crushes. (Ahem, Ukraine, ahem, Canada) He wrote a quick card for America, signing off with a heart and the letter 'R'. He hoped all would go well tomorrow.

...With America...

Canada was teasing America about not receiving chocolates again. Canada was on the school's ice hockey team. He was one of the star players, no surprise he was pretty popular. Most of America's family was well known. Australia was on the rugby team, so was New Zealand. America was in media club. He was well known but was almost always outshone by his brothers. Not like he minded. He was content with his current life.

"I might get chocolates this year...," America said hopefully.

"That's what you say every year." Canada grinned.

"Oh, leave him alone Can! " Australia lightly punched Canada's arm.

"Alright, alright..." Canada pushed Australia away slightly.

America sighed and walked ahead of both of his siblings who were wrestling behind him. New Zealand had gone to school earlier to play basketball with Belarus. He had planned on confessing to her.

America's phone chimed someone had texted him! He immediately rushed to pull out his phone. It was Russia.

Russia: same plan as last year?
America: yea sure. Meet you in the schoolyard after school?
Russia: sounds good
America: cool.

America grinned. He always enjoyed valentine's day with Russia.

There was just something about that male that was particularly attractive. America liked Russia to all ends of the earth. But he was sure Russia liked Mexico or someone else.

America couldn't wait for the end of the school day.

The bell rang, the class had ended, so had America. His brain felt more burnt than the egg Australia cooked last Tuesday.

"C'mon Ame. We got to go. School's ended." Germany sighed as Poland chuckled.

".... I think I'm dead.." America muttered, his head lifting ever so slightly to look at Germany and Poland. His head then slammed back to the table almost a split second after.

"Don't make me carry you.." Germany said. America remained silent. Germany's worry grew.

"America?'

"I think he's asleep Neimcy," Poland suggested poking and ruffling America's hair.

"Yo, germs...have you seen- Woah ho ho. What's up with Meri?" Russia popped into the classroom only to see America slumped over the table.

"He's too tired." Germany sighed.

"Meri?" Russia tapped America's head. No response." Your dad is here."

"Tell... I'm tired.." America mumbled slowly in broken English.

"If you don't get up, I'll pick you up and throw you into the school dumpster." Russia tried again. That got America up.

They both left Germany and Poland to do their own things and headed to America's locker first.

"You brought the bag?"

"Yea." America sighed as he arranged the numbers and opened his locker. To his surprise, there were 5 gifts this time. One of them came tumbling out onto the floor. There were 2 boxes of chocolates, 4 cards, a bouquet of roses and a wrapped box.

"Wow."

"I know. At least I can flex on Canada and Australia now." America grinned. senior year and he got 5 gifts. Hell yeah. It's all coming together.

"Time to head to mine. You'll be jealous all over again." Russia had a smug grin on his face.

"Don't push your luck Ruski." America frowned.

"Yea...yea."

Lots of roses, chocolates, cards, boxes and paper cuts later, they sat under the shade of a tree at a picnic table at the schoolyard sorting out the gifts. There were 2 reusable bags of gifts. That was a lot.

"I want you to be the sun to my earth." Russia read, "No thanks, Samantha. I think I'll stick to being your lab partner till' the rest of the month."

America only laughed as he picked up the next card, "If you were a vegetable, you'd be a cute-cumber, and I'd like to have one."

Russia cringed, "I don't like vegetables. Uck." America was wheezing. They were on their last few. Russia had already given America a large box of branded chocolates that was wrapped in gold paper.

"Last one! You read it, I'll unwrap it." America passed the card to Russia and grabbed the box.

"Dear Russia, Not sure if you know me, but I'm in your Math class. I sit 3 seats to the left of you. We've worked on a project with Madeliene and Jake before. I hope you know who I am now. I just want to say that I like you. I know you probably won't feel the same, but I hope you'll at least write back. Yours sincerely,

Jennifer." Russia raised an eyebrow. He didn't remember Jennifer.

"Oooh, she got you a box of chocolate Rose's and strawberries. Nice dude." America stated. He was really jealous.

"For real? Wow, that's nice of her." Russia looked up from the letter to look at the gift. He had a soft spot for chocolate strawberries ever since America made some for him, "I'll be sure to write back to her."

Russia's reply made America jealous. He might just confess on the spot. America frowned as he turned away from Russia and fiddled with his phone.

This did not go unnoticed by Russia. He knew America well enough to know he was jealous. He was happy to know that. This was it.

"Hey, are you okay?" Russia asked, turning to face America.

"Y-yea...don't you need to write your letter to Jennifer?" America was most definitely jealous.

"Are you...jealous?"

America's face exploded into a fiery mess.

"N-no, I'm your best friend, there's no way I would be jealous, besides it would be wrong."

"Really, huh?" Russia grinned. As he leaned closer to America.

"Yea!" America poured.

"Mhmmm" Russia teased.

"What do you mpf-" as America turned to face Russia, he leaned in and captured America's lip with his in a short but sweet kiss.

America was too stunned to even process what was going on. That made Russia smile into the kiss. He finally pulled away.

"Happy Valentine's Day meri." Russia smiled charmingly at America and placed the batch of homemade macarons into his hands.

After a few seconds, America's face turned into the darkest shade or blush you could find. His heart was going so fast it felt like he could barely breathe, his thoughts were racing, there was a funny feeling in his stomach.

"Meri?"

"I-I...u-uh-uhh." He could barely utter put a proper word.

"I like you, do you like me?"

"Y-you do?" America's eyes widened.

Russia nodded.

"I like you a lot too!" America finally managed to utter.

"Hahaha, I love you more."

America was turned into a blushing mess again.

"Hey your lips look lonely, do they want yo meet mine again?" Russia smirked as America blushed heavier.

He leaned in and kissed him again.

The end

_____

Bonus:
"Hey lovebirds, do you have space for one more?"

Russia and America broke the kiss to look at China.

"What?" America was dumbfounded.

"I would like to date you America, but seems like Russia already is, so care to share?" China smirked.

"Sure."

"RUSSIA??!!"

"nnnnnoooo"

_____

2035 words

This chapter was longer than usual mainly because I won't be updating as regularly until the end of the month because I have exams coming up and I'm also moving house, so thanks for your support and understanding!

Happy Valentine's Day! <3
♡♡♡

Chapter 7 - Changing -

"Come in!" Britain's voice called out from inside his office.

America twisted the door handle and made his way into the small office. He felt a little out of place in the neat and orderly office in his home clothes.

"Ah! America. That was quick." Britain's eyes widened at the sight of his second youngest son standing at his office door. He had expected France.

"O-oh, is this a bad time? Should I come back later? " America felt a sense of guilt overwhelm him. He hadn't meant to interrupt his dad while he was busy.

"No! It's okay. Please take a seat." Britain gestured towards the cushioned chair on the opposite end of the desk that he was on.

America nodded and slowly made his way to the seat.

"Tea?"

"U-uh yes please." America gave a small smile. Britain offering him tea meant something good.

Britain smiled back as he took out two similar light blue china teacups and placed them on the desk along with a sugar bowl, a pot of milk and a pot of tea that was already steeping. He poured a bit of tea out for both him and America and nodded to tell America to make the tea as he likes. America smiled as a form of gratitude. He reached over for the sugar bowl, taking out 2 sugar cubes and plopping it into his hot tea. America had a really sweet tooth. He passed it to Britain who did the same but taking only 1 cube. Once they had finished making their tea and had settled down, they finally got down to talking.

"So, uh, how have you been?" Britain decided to start.

"U-hm..not very good...I mean if that wasn't obvious...sorry." America's smile slowly faltered away. Britain frowned. This was partly his fault. He needed to make it up to America.

"No. Don't apologize. ***I'm*** sorry." America's eyes widened.

"W-what?" America wanted to be sure. Britain felt embarrassed but apologized again.

"I'm sorry. It's not your fault. I'm sorry for being a bad father."

America teared up. He jumped out of his seat, shocking Britain.

"W-what are you doing?!" Britain nearly freaked out when America leaned across the table and hugged Britain tightly, crying tears of joy. He had never been happier.

"O-oh." Britain slowly smiled and brought himself to hug America back.

"Alright... I think that's enough..."Britain pulled away from the hug as America fell back into his seat, his eyes were still crying. Britain sighed and passed him a pack of tissues. America thanked him and dried his eyes with a piece.

"Thanks..dad." America smiled. It had been so long since he said that in a happy note.

"I'd also like to apologize for...well...." Britain felt as if the words were stuck in his throat. He felt extreme guilt just thinking about what he was going to say. America stared at him intently, waiting for him to speak.

"For...not realizing how my actions were affecting you sooner. I shouldn't have taken away your freedom away like that. I was just afraid you'd do something reckless and we'd lose you for good. I really should have trusted you more. I'm sorry son." Britain finally let it out. He felt like a weight had finally been taken off his chest and he could breathe again. He only just realized he was crying. He felt so much better now.

America was speechless. His dad had never apologized even when

admitting defeat. He sounded genuine. America was so touched by this. He didn't want his dad to take all the blame. It was his fault too, for being so reckless sometimes, for not stopping to listen, for being so selfish.

"D-dad, it's not entirely your fault. I'm sorry too. I should've listened to you and mom more. I shouldn't have been so reckless and care about myself only." America sniffed.

Both father and son hugged once more in the small office space, the atmosphere felt a lot less tense.

Once they had settled down once more, Britain cleared his throat indicating he had not finished.

"As an apology...I'd like to take responsibility as your father and pay for your school fees. I can tell that you've been stressing over it. I was just too angry and found myself unable to forgive you. But after all, I was the one at fault. I'd also like to spend the rest of the day with you and the family. Only if you'd like of course. Think of it as a way to patch up our relationship." Britain smiled regretfully. How he wishes he had said all this much earlier. America's reaction brought joy to his heart as a father.

His face lit up in surprise, his eyes watered, salty tears started flowing down his cheeks rapidly. He couldn't handle so much news at once. He was never too good with all these kind off things. His occasional hiccuping and sniffing interrupted the comfortable silence between the two.

"I-I thought you were never going to forgive me! I'm so sorry dad!"

"S-so...will you let me do that?"

"Yes, please..this means so much to me!" America sniffed happily, a wide smile forming on his face again.

"I'm glad it does. So I'm taking your reaction as a yes for the day out as a family?"

He nodded vigorously.

"Alright then. you'd best go tell Canada and Australia, I'll inform France and New Zealand when they get back." Britain chuckled. He missed America's energy and now that he finally got to see it in him again, he felt content. Content with how things were now.

"CANADAAAAAAAAAA!!! AUSSSSIIIEEEEEEE!!!" America's voice rang throughout the corridor and Canada's ears who unfortunately happened to be standing in the middle of it.

He groaned as he clammed his hands over his ears, the ringing in them giving him a headache. He was getting used to a quiet America, and now the old loud and enthusiastic America was back. Don't get Canada wrong. He did feel glad that America was back to his old cheery self. But he wasn't quite used to his yelling anymore. He was going to have to get used to it again. America's thudding footsteps brought Australia out from his room.

"Don't yell Merica! You're gonna scare my spiders!"

"Sorry!" America apologized upon reaching Australia.

Australia huffed in slight annoyance then smiled and ruffled America's fluffy hair.

"So, what's up?" Canada asked as he watched the two brothers start having a friendly wrestle to ruffle each other's hair.

"The ceiling?" Australia joked.

"Ha-ha-ha." Canada rolled his eyes.

"Dadwantstobringusallouttospendtimetogetherasafamily." America blurted out in one breath.

"What?" Australia and Canada froze in confusion and stared at America with furrowed eyebrows.

"Slow down dude!" Australia chuckled as he let America out of his grasp.

"Oh, sorry! I said dad wants to bring us all out to spend time as a family together today." America grinned.

"Oh.." Canada smiled, but it soon faded into shock.

"He said what again??!" Canada nearly chocked.

"He wants to bring us all out to have fun as a family," America repeated grinning widely.

1185 words

Author's note

Dear Amazing Readers.

You guys have been absolutely awesome, and I thank you for your support! I understand that waiting for updates from a story can be pretty vexing, but unfortunately, there are many things that I *have* to put above this story. Due to the fact that I have quite a lot of exams coming up and that I'm moving houses, I'll be pretty busy for the start of March and probably until mid-march. I do apologize for this inconvenience but I will try to make short one-shots (About 300 words or so) for your entertainment and to make up for not having full-chapters to update. I seek your understanding and thank you for your support. Love you all!

Love,

author-san.

p.s. Feel free to requests for one-shots. I'll do the first five for sure. :>

One-shot 1 - Soulmate AU

Short one hhhh sorry (this is non-canon)

Soulmate au

He stared intently at the red string on his finger. He looked back to his own. He sighed. Russia could see everyone's red string. Normally people could only faintly see their own, but Russia could see them very well. In his eyes, they glowed a soft warm red hue and glowed every time two soulmates got near. Once they found each other, it would disappear. But this came at a cost. He didn't have a soulmate. Or a red string at least.

This 'ability' of his wasn't all so great. Everywhere he went, there would at least be a string in sight. During rush hours, it was terrible. All of the strings in one place, he could barely tell one apart from the other. And when many glowed at the same time. Oh, the eye-strain. He slowly got used to it.

Although, he was constantly harassed by others to help them find their soulmates. He almost always refused unless they were family or good friends. He continued to live, thinking he'd never get a soulmate. Until he met him. America.

It was his last year of high school. It was in chemistry. His table didn't have a lighter to light the bunsen burner so he stole one from another table. America's table. But, of course, he didn't know since America was away from his table at that time. When America came to take it, he took a glance at the hand and noticed he didn't have a string either. America had to be his soulmate. He knew it. He felt it. And America did too.

They both felt so familiar with each other, though they've never met. It was like deja vu. It felt so right to just stare endlessly into each other's eyes. It was at that moment Russia and America's strings appeared, glowing a bright red before disappearing again.

311 words

Chapter 8 - fun -

"He wants to bring us all out to have fun as a family," America repeated grinning widely.

"No.Freaking. Way." Australia gasped as his eyes went wide a large grin sneaking its way onto his face.

"Yes way." America was all smiles.

While Australia and America were all hyped up, Canada's reaction was....well he was confused. Greatly confused.

"I-I don't even. W-what? H-how? When?! w-why??!!!" Canada ran his hands through his hair, attempting to comprehend the situation.

Britain. Taking them out to have fun. To have fun. To. Have. Fun. Fun. He said fun. That was not a mistake right??!! Canada's thoughts were racing. His dad wanted to have fun. Not just for everyone else to have fun, but ***he*** wanted to have fun as well. Oh god. Canada felt so overwhelmed.

"Uhm...Nada? You 'kay there?"

"U-uh yeah!" he was the oldest and he was freaking out over Britain saying a word. He needed to pull his shit together. All these sudden changes were getting a bit too much for him.

"Are you sure he said 'fun'?" Canada had to know.

"Mm...yes. he did say the word 'fun' to me directly, why?" America replied after a bit of thinking.

"I just didn't take him for a....fun person." Canada frowned.

America patted Canada on the back, "maybe he's just been too stressed to have some fun y' know..."

Canada smiled gratefully at America. He sure was glad to have the

old America back.

"I CAN'T WAIT! WHERE ARE WE GOING?? DID HE SAY?? WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? WHAT TIME ARE WE GOING? OH GOD, I'VE GOTTA GO GET READY!" Australia was extremely excited. He always was towards any prospect of fun or going out.

"H-hey! Chill! Dad didn't say where we're going he just told me to tell you guys. He's gonna tell mom and Zea when they get back." America explained trying to get his second older brother to chill out. (Yes in this story America is the third child)

"Oh, okay, sorry." Australia laughed sheepishly, "I guess I'll go ask dad for the details."

"Yea, thanks," Canada yelled to Australia who was already down the stairs towards Britain's office.

"He's not going to knock is he?"

"HOLY MOTHER OF TEA! AUSTRALIA!?"

"Yea..." Canada facepalmed and America just chuckled.

A while later~

"Hurry! Come on Aussie! And no, you can't bring Sofia with you!" Canada nagged. He was very busy trying to get everyone in the car while his parents were still in the house.

"Can! I can't find Kieran!" New Zealand sniffed as she stuck her head out of the door.

"Oh...uhm..." Canada looked down to his preoccupied hands which held the cage containing Aussie's spider pet, Sandra.

"I'll help you find it!" America chipped in seeing Canada's struggle.

"Thanks!"

"Are we all ready? Kids...?" Britain inquired as he stepped out just as America and New Zealand ran inside.

"I can't find Sandra!" Australia yelled.

"She's out here with me. And no Aussie, you can't bring Sandra either. " Canada groaned as Australia came running out of the house frowning.

"We found Kieran!!" New Zealand's voice sounded from inside the house.

"Oh, dear..." Britain smiled and sighed as he gave way to Australia to head back in.

After a lot of bickering and arguments especially between Australia and Canada about bringing his pets, they finally left to have fun.

Only Britain and France knew where they were going. Nobody else knew. It was practically a surprise for the rest.

"Where are we going, dad?" Australia asked as he leaned over to the front.

He was not wearing his seatbelt.

"That's a secret. You'll know soon. And please put on your seatbelt Australia." Britain sighed and Australia frowned.

"Fine." Australia grumped as he slumped into his cushioned seat.

10 minutes later~

"Are we there yet??" Australia was starting to annoy nearly everyone in the car. He was too excited to help himself from constantly asking questions about where they were going.

"Almost." Britain's patience was slowly wearing thin.

Australia groaned and slumped further into his seat. This had been a long ride for him.

"Hey! Look! It's an amusement park!" New Zealand called out excitedly, catching all the sibling's attention.

They all looked towards New Zealand's side of the window, catching a glimpse of the amusement park's bright and flashy sign. They all gasped in excitement. It felt like forever since they'd been to an amusement park. Britain chuckled at his kids' reactions. France gave Britain a loving smile, she liked this, he could tell.

Once Britain had found a parking space, the siblings came pouring out of the car like beads, one after the other, filling the next lot up with their presence. They stretched and groaned in relief after being trapped in the slightly cramped car for more than they were used to. Britain And France got out of the car in a much more orderly fashion, making sure to lock the car door.

"What are we doing here dad?" New Zealand asked puzzled.

"Yeah, I want to know too." Australia turned to Britain for an answer.

Britain sighed then smiled gently, "We're here to have fun."

Canada choked again. Australia cheered and high-fived America. New Zealand was helping Canada to recover.

"Oh, dear. I told you they weren't going to expect it." France smiled as she gently placed her hand on Britain's shoulder. Britain had a frown etched onto his face. What was wrong with him wanting to have fun.

Just as he opened his mouth to speak, he felt a drop of water land on his nose. He looked up so did everyone else. It was drizzling. Australia groaned. America sighed. They all ran towards the nearest shelter which was a nearby small diner.

"Well, there goes our day at the carnival." Australia groaned.

"Yeah, I was kind of looking forward to it." America agreed, giving Australia a friendly pat on the back. Canada and New Zealand just laughed. Britain and France found a table and got settled in, the 4 siblings doing the same.

"U-uh wait, I need to use the bathroom." America stood up abruptly, alarming everyone else. He rushed off almost immediately.

Russia groaned. He had barely gotten any sleep last night and now his siblings had dragged him out to have fun, only for it to start raining. He splashed the cool water on his face and shivered on contact with the cold liquid. He heard the stall door open and close. He didn't bother to look up thinking it was a random stranger. But when he looked up, what he saw next caught him entirely off guard. America heard the guy next to him shift quite noticeably in a sudden manner, his jeans also looked familiar. He turned around to face the stranger to see a rather familiar face facing him as well. He was a bit confused. So was Russia. Why did they both seem so familiar to each other? Then it hit him.

"It's you!"

1167 words

Hhhhhhhhhhhhh I TriEd ;^:

Exams are still not over.

Chapter 9 - Acquaintances -

Sorry if any of the Russian or other languages are inaccurate, used google translate :/

"It's you!"

They both practically screamed, fingers pointing at each other in shock. What were the chances?

"Что за хрень?"

"I don't believe this."

Both Russia and America were in absolute shock. It had only been a day and here they were meeting each other again. They both stared at each other for a bit before collapsing into a fit of giggles and laughter.

"Are you done laughing?" a sudden voice echoed through the bathroom. The laughter died down and both countries whipped their heads around to spot a certain country standing at the

entrance, arms crossed over their chest, an annoyed expression on their face.

Just as they opened their mouth to speak, another voice interrupted them.

"Ame! America- Wait, Ukraine?" Canada came into view behind the other country America supposed was Ukraine. He turned around and almost gasped in shock upon seeing the Canadian boy.

"Canada!" He gushed as he leapt towards the older male for a hug.

"Ukraine!" He replied enthusiastically, lifting him slightly so that he was looking down on Canada and spun him around. Both countries cried out joyfully.

"Uhhh..." Russia and America were confused. Who was the other country with their siblings?

The two countries lost in each other's presence finally noticed their brother's confused looks and questioning glares(Russia). Canada gently set Ukraine back on his feet and they both turned towards their siblings to introduce each other.

Canada decided to go first.

"America, this is Ukraine, he was my junior in high school. Ukraine, this is America my younger brother after Australia." Ukraine nodded and held out his hand to shake America's. America returned the gesture.

"You know Aussie?"

"Yep! Same high school! But the year you came in I was in my final year and Canada had graduated." Ukraine explained. America nodded in understanding.

"Who is this boy, Ukraine," Russia spoke in English, his accent affecting his pronunciation.

"Russia, this is Canada, 1 year my senior, we met in high school,

Canada this is Russia, he's the same age as America," Russia growled slightly. America noticed Canada's sweaty palms and jittery fingers.

He should help his brother out.

"U-uh, so Russia, right?"

"Yes. You are America?"

"Yep, that's me. Uh, thanks for the other day." America smiled.

"I-it was nothing. Anyone would've done it too." Russia replied humbly.

"Aren't you humble!" America joked.

Russia only replied with a smile.

"Waaaiiiittt. You two know each other??" Ukraine was shocked.

"Kind of, but"

"Not really."

Both American Russia replied, completing each other's sentences.

They both looked at each other there was an awkward silence. Then Canada broke it with another question.

"You've met before?"

"Well yes, but "

"only once. "

"Before this, "

"Of course."

There it was again.

"Are you sure? You two are really in sync."

"Yea, it's kinda creepy."

"We just met."

"Yea we barely know each other."

"We're just acquaintances." they both stated quickly realizing that they had the same idea and said the same thing at the same time.

Canada and Ukraine were right. This was way too creepy to be just coincidental. Maybe it was fate. Yea it was just fate messing with them, both Russia and America were convinced that all of this was just fate playing a joke on them.

"Oh right, Dad was calling for you. He wanted to know what you wanted to get." Canada decided to get back to the topic.

Ukraine nodded, "Our dad also wanted to know the same thing. Also Mom and brother and coming later on. Oh and Bel and Kaz want something from you."

"You sound like you have a big family." America was curious.

"Yea. Maybe we can introduce each other's family's later. The more the merrier da?" He gave a small smile as he followed behind Ukraine and Canada, heading towards the diner. America followed as well.

It was only until they got to their seats did they realise they were sitting right next to each other. How convenient.

"Oh." America and Russia chuckled nervously.

"Who's this America?" Britain asked. He didn't recall America being friends with anyone as tall as the Russian man before him.

"Россия? Кто этот твой друг?" Soviet asked turning to face America.

"Uhm...Dad, meet Russia, and his family. He's a friend."

"Папа, познакомься с Америкой. Это его семья. Он

дружелюбный." Russia explained to his father in Russian. America barely understood it.

"From where?"

"Где ты встретил его?"

"Uh...School."

"Школа? Вы двое одного возраста?"

"Is he your classmate?"

"Папа, на английском, пожалуйста." Russia sighed as he gestured towards Britain's and America's confused face.

"Ah. Sorry." Soviet apologized in English with a heavy Russian accent. It was obvious he mainly spoke Russian.

"We met on school grounds. I don't think we're classmates." America looked up to Russia for help.

He pulled America away for a while.

"How old are you America?"

"I'm 18. I take a course in engineering in the uni near here. You?"

"I'm 18 too. I take the same course as well, the same place. How come we've never met?"

"I guess I was just too busy."

"Россия? Are you there?" Russia's dad called for him.

"Uh, да."

America and Russia turned around to face their dads.

"So Dad...s." America started.

"We're classmates. Same age. Same university."

"Yep." America grinned agreeing with Russia.

"Oh, in that case, a friend of Russia's is a friend of mine." Soviet smiled and held out his hand to shake America's then moved on to his family.

After introducing each other's families, everyone got much cosier with each other. Australia was having a conversation with Kazhakstan. Belarus and New Zealand were apparently school friends. Ukraine and Canada were....getting along...verrryyy well. France and Britain were having a friendly conversation with Soviet.

"So where's your mom?"

"She's coming," Russia replied.

"Sorry, we're late!" Everyone turned to look at the newcomer. It was Third Reich with Germany.

"Hi dear." Soviet stood up and engulfed his husband in a warm hug along with a short kiss on the forehead. Third giggled.

"Germany? Russia's your brother??"

"Half brother to be exact but yes. Fancy seeing you here America, what're you doing here?"

"Oh, just an outing with my family to the amusement park, but it started raining, so we came here and met Russia's family."

"Oh? You and Russia are good friends? I've never seen you two together before though."

"Oh, that's because we just met."

"So you're friends?" Germany asked turning to Russia.

Russia and America sighed and answered the question together.

"We're acquaintances."

1102 words

Untitled Part 18 :)

wait *what the actual fvck*?? what do I do what do I say? do I even say anything?

wait. you're probably confused. let me backtrack

2 hours ago

insert some bs leading up to the event I'm not a writer u are

present moment

-hello-

Readers: Oh my god, its an update!

Author: lol no. Justa shitchapt made by someone hah. Sike >:)

Readers: T-T y u bully meh.

a/n

don't worry :) update day is tmrw

Chapter 10 - warm -

Russia and America sighed and answered the question together.

"We're acquaintances."

Germany raised an eyebrow, "Sorry, I'm confused."

"It's simple."

"Yea." America nodded in agreement.

"You're acquaintances, who have met each other's families, and seem to be in sync. But you're in the same University and course and didn't find out until today." Germany explained to help himself understand the situation.

"Yes, that's basically-" America started

"What the situation is." and Russia finished.

"Yea." America agreed again.

Germany groaned. He did tell America once or twice that his brother was in the same course and that they should meet each other soon. But he hadn't mentioned that Russia was his brother, and he certainly did not predict that they would meet on their own accord. The world sure was small.

"Hallo, Schatz. you must be Russia's friend." Third smiled warmingly as he stretched out his hand to shake America's, "Soviet here told me about you two. It's great to see that Russia's making friends. He usually spends a lot of time alone at home."

America shook Third's outstretched hand awkwardly and returned a smile. He watched as third leaned towards Soviet, Germany and Russia, whispering something in German to them. He watched as Russia's face exploded into a fiery red mess while Germany started wheezing, Soviet burst out laughing and patting his lover's back.

"Мама! Не перед ним! Кроме того, он просто друг! Не делай вещи неловкими для нас!" Russia groaned as he hid his face in his hands. America stared at the four confused.

Germany was roaring with laughter now, "Das Sagen alle. Warte nur, du wirst Deine eigenen Worte Essen." Germany managed to wheeze out.

"What?" America was lost.

Russia slapped his half brother harshly in the shoulder making him wince and clutch it in pain. He still continued laughing though. Russia was a glaring and blushing red mess now. And America had no idea why. Everyone else had glanced over once in a while before returning to their own conversations.

"What did he say?" America asked Germany. He seemed to gave cooled down a little. Soviet and Third were still laughing though.

"Why don't you ask my brother, Russia, eh?" Germany snickered. Russia's reaction was priceless. He reached over to tackle Germany but was stopped when America turned to him, a confused, frustrated and innocent look on his face.

He furrowed his eyebrows and opened his mouth once again, "What did they say?"

Russia froze midway towards Germany. America was in between both. It was impossible to miss his question. Soviet and Thrid were silent now, waiting for their son's reaction."

"Uhm.."

"What?" America was very frustrated. He had no idea what was going on.

" Tell him dass du ihn liebst," Germany smirked.

"Tell me what?"

Russia smacked Germany again. He winced and chuckled.

"H-he just said to tell you that you er...uh- uhm- look good today, Yep."

"I do? Oh thanks, Germs!" America was surprised. He flashed Germany a smile.

"No problems Ame!" Germany's smile had grown wider while Soviet was suppressing his laugh. Barely. Russia heaved a sigh of relief. He glanced out the window and realized it had stopped raining.

"Hey. It's stopped raining. We should head to the park now. " Russia announced.

Everyone quickly finished up their drinks or quick snacks.

"Yesss! Let's go Kiwi!" Belarus jumped up as she grabbed New Zealand's hands and dragged him out of the diner, the rest of the family slowly following.

Australia jumped up while pushing Kazhakstan back down into the seat playfully making him groan and yell out 'hey that's foul play!' and getting up quickly to go after him.

Canada got up and helped Ukraine up as well, smiling politely as he grabbed their things and helped Ukraine hold them ad they both headed to the door laughing.

Third, Soviet, Britain and France walked out together teasing their sons amongst themselves and laughing.

Germany, Russia and America were the last. Germany kept teasing Russia in German and Russia would reply in Russian with an annoyed tone, leaving America very confused. They ended up settling on embarrassing moments for Russia and America that only Germany knew. Germany ended up with a very sore right shoulder.

"Sorry Germs, but I can't say you didn't deserve it." America chuckled as he massaged Germany's right shoulder. Russia was grumbling at another bench.

"Yea... But it was worth it." Germany chuckled and winced as

America put pressure on another bruise.

"Still! You didn't need to tell Russia the time I got drunk, came to class and cried over popping popcorn!" America hissed, a red hue spreading onto his cheeks as he reminisces the memory.

"It was funny, besides it was a good break from the boring lecture and your professor enjoyed it too. To think you did it because of your ex. She was a bitch, I don't even know what you see in her Ame." Germany chuckled.

"Who?" America and Germany yelped in shock and turned around to see Russia leaning in to hear.

"Woah! When'd you get here?" America sighed in relief as he moved to sit back down.

"Were you eavesdropping? Wanted to know more about America, eh?" Germany teased. America's cheek flushed a little, Russia hit Germany on a bruise. He winced, "Worth it." he choked out.

Russia slumped into the bench as he looked away. Germany did not miss the red hue forming on his cheeks. Once America had calmed down he decided to answer Russia's question.

"We were talking about my ex." America gulped and frowned slightly.

Germany's chuckle turned into a larger frown. Russia was upright now, listening attentively.

"I didn't know about that...what happened?"Russia asked out of mere curiosity.

"Well...remember the time I got drunk and came to class. Germany talked about it just now, I'm not sure if you were there. I can't recall cause I was drunk." America started taking a breath.

"Remember the girl from the nursing school who always waited outside? That was her. Germany liked to call her a basic bitch. Well, we had been dating for about 3 months until we had a large fight over something big and she broke up with me. I stayed at home for

a week and showed up to class on accident on instinct after getting drunk one morning."

"I must say it did lighten the class. I also have no regrets calling her a bitch. You were way too good to her. You brought her to a 5-star restraunt when you were working to pay your university fees and basic needs. All she did was complain to her friends the next day about how you didn't kiss her goodnight and didn't have a car to drive her home." Germany scoffed with a frown etched in his face.

Based on what Russia was hearing, America's ex(I accidentally typed ass here hah) sounded terrible. But he couldn't figure out what the big fight was about.

Russia cleared his throat catching America's and Germany's attention, "don't mind me, but what did you fight about."

This seemed to catch America off guard.

"Sorry, it's okay you don't have to answer it if you're not comfortable." Russia apologised.

"No, it's okay. We're friends, right? And you can keep a secret right?" America sighed.

"We're technically acquaintances, but yea sure." Russia nodded.

"Okay well....I'm..."

Germany pursed his lips as he took a worrying glance at America.

Russia decided to push it a little.

"You're..?"

"I'm not straight."

1252 words

Chapter 11 -'amusement' park -

That moment when the author updates after leaving you hanging with a cliffhanger. It's update day : >

"I'm not straight."

America held his breath waiting for an insult or a punch of some sort, squeezing his eyes shut out of instinct.

There was silence between the 3 for a minute or two. It was almost as if Russia was struggling to comprehend and process what America had said. Germany didn't want to make things more awkward.

When Russia finally spoke, he had questions, a lot, but he only asked one that seemed most important,

"What?".

Germany struggled to hold in his laughter and waltzed away from the duo to join France and Third Reich in their conversation about how to knit a good, warm scarf.

"I'm not straight. Go on. Hit me. Insult me. I won't mind. Just be honest." America stated blatantly.

A determined look on his face, his lips pressed into a thin line as he stared intensely into Russia's eyes as if he was trying to read his

thought. This made Russia nervous. The staring and the way he said it as if it happened often.

He gulped and took a deep breath.

"Why would you think I would hit or insult you?" Russia placed his hands on America's shoulders and gripped them tightly.

"W-what? You don't hate me for it?" he looked genuinely surprised.

"Why would I America??" Russia gasped in disbelief. He couldn't believe people who hated gays existed.

"You mean it?" America asked, furrowed eyebrows staring back at Russia.

"Yea. Of course. Why would I hate you for being gay?" Russia sighed.

"I'm not gay Russia."

"But-"

"I'm pansexual." America clarified.

"Oh. My bad" Russia chuckled sheepishly. America gave him a grateful smile.

"Still friends?" America asked nervously.

"Definitely." Russia laughed as he ruffled America's hair, "it's an improvement from 'acquaintances'."

America grinned. He had made yet another friend. It was a huge improvement.

-Meanwhile with Germany-

"That is not how you knit a warm scarf! These people! What are they thinking!" France exclaimed as she gripped the phone harshly while Third laughed, nodding in agreement.

"I know. When I first saw it, I was horrified too. those charms would

get caught and leave holes in the scarf. I have no idea how that would work." Third smiled as France passed the phone back to him.

"Isn't that right mein Kleiner Bär?" Third asked as he turned around to ask Germany.

Germany sighed and nodded grimly. This was a mistake. He looked back and saw America and Russia laughing. He should've stayed with them.

-Back to Russia and America-

Russia was leaning over his knees, wheezing from a lack of breath as he laughed silently, tears escaping the corners of his eyes. America pouted.

Russia wiped his tears away as he sat up, still clutching his stomach and struggling to catch his breath. He took one look at America before bursting back into laughter. America was on the verge of tears now.

"Stop laughing!"

"I-I, HahhAhhhA, C-ca- hahaha- n't! Pfft-" he erupted into a laughing fit again.

"Hey, Ame! Do you want ice cream- Woah, what's up with him, why's he laughing so hard?" Canada jogged over only to see Russia crouched over, his shoulders rising up and down as he laughed.

"J-just ignore him, Nada. Yea I'd like ice cream that would be nice, the usual flavour please." America groaned as Canada just shrugged and nodded. Russia had finally cooled down.

"Do you want on too, Russia?"

"Yes please, one vanilla, Thanks, Canada."Russia gasped out ss he tried to catch his breath.

They both watched Canada leave before turning to face each other.

"You finally stopped laughing!" America sighed in relief. Russia

glanced at him, sucking in his breath. America knew what was coming.

"If you start again I'll strangle you."

"Pfft- hahahHAHHAH-" Russia didn't get a chance to try and speak before America had clambered on top of him, tussling with him on the bench, trying to get him to stop laughing.

"Oh my god! Russia! JuSt StOp lAughInG at mE!" America groaned as his efforts were fruitless. Russia was much more physically built than America, it was a struggle to try and get him to stop laughing. They continued to tussle for a while.

It was getting hard to breathe with someone on top of him while his entire body was shaking from laughter. He flipped America over, sitting on America's torso, shoulders still quaking. HE had to hold America's hands down to stop him from hitting him.

America was not any better. Russia was heavier that America by quite a bit, considering his build, which meant his legs were being crushed. It didn't help that his inner gay was panicking from the current *ahem* compromising *ahem* position they were in. Russia stopped laughing to figure out why America had gone completely still, that was one of his biggest regrets.

"W-what's wrong, Meri?" He gasped for breath.

America had a visible blush forming on his cheeks, as of the position wasn't embarrassing enough, Russia was completely oblivious. America put his arm over his eyes in embarrassment, biting his lips trying to avoid looking at Russia and having to answer his (stupid) question. (JusT OpEN YoUr EyEs aND loOk At YouR PosItIoN)

It was only then Russia realized why America had been so silent. He too went silent, a red hue spreading on his face.

"Russia..? America..?" They both looked towards the owner of the voice. Well, America couldn't see past the bench, but Russia could. It was Canada. ***[overprotective brother mode: engaged]***

The vanilla ice cream in a cup and the cookies and cream ice cream in the cone that was once in his hand had dropped on the ground and were long forgotten. He stormed over to the duo, America now gulping nervously, and tackled Russia off the bench into the ground next to the bench. Leaving the shocked and wide-eyed American lying on the bench. Meanwhile, Russia was struggling against Canada who was trying to hold him in place, arms behind his back, face on the rough pebbly ground.

"What were you doing with America??" Canada was pretty furious. Russia and America weren't that close based on what they had said, at least not close enough for Russia to be pinning his brother to the bench like that.

"It was an accident! It wasn't on purpose, can you let me go now, please?" Russia struggled to speak with the rocks cutting his face slightly. Canada narrowed his eyes suspiciously, still not letting Russia go.

"Nada! It was an accident! Let him go."America had recovered from his initial shock and scrambled off the bench to get Canada off Russia. Canada finally got off Russia, apologizing and helping him up.

"Sorry man, I just get kinda overprotective when it comes to family." Canada sighed, "although if you try anything funny with my brother and hurt him, I won't hesitate." Canada gave an eerie smile to Russia. Russia shivered.

"Don't worry though, so long as you treat my brother well, I don't mind you taking him." Canada smiled gleefully as he watched Russia and America freak out.

"W-we're not dating Nada!" America argued.

"B-besides, it's n-not like we're going to anyway," Russia added.

That didn't stop the blush from reaching their cheeks.

"Yeah sure, enjoy your time you lovebirds!" Canada laughed.

1205 words

Chapter 12 - Ice Cream -

Reader: looks at chapter title. OoOh, this gon be gud.

c'mon we all know what happens when you put someone eating ice cream in fanfic. :)

"Yeah sure, enjoy your time you lovebirds!" Canada laughed.

"Canadaaa!" America pouted. Russia found that cute- wait he shouldn't- but- it's still cute-.

While America and Canada were having a debate about the ice cream Canada had dropped, Russia was deep in thought, arguing with himself about being gay for America.

"Rus? You okay?" America asked as he noticed Russia spacing out.

"O-oh, uh, Y-yea?" He jumped slightly, snapping out of his thoughts.

"Help me convince Canada to get us another 2 ice creams since he dropped ours!"

"Hey! Don't drag Russia into this!"

"C'mon Nada! I'm sure he wants his ice-cream too!"

"Fine!" Canada gave up with a sigh.

Russia chuckled at the American who was now celebrating and cheering.

They followed Canada to the ice-cream truck, getting the ice cream of their choice, and finally getting to eat it without Canada dropping it.

Russia nodded gratefully to Canada, taking his vanilla ice-cream in

a cup from his hand while America grinned cheekily at Canada, humming in thanks and receiving his chocolate ice-cream on a chocolate cone.

Britain and Soviet were still queueing for tickets for rides while France and Third discussed how to cook a turkey while managing the other kids/teens. Germany had gone off to find Soviet and Britain, wanting to help.

Once Canada had got them their ice-cream, he immediately left to go entertain Ukraine. This left Russia and America sitting on the previous bench, savouring their ice-cream, sponsored by Canada.

Russia's ice cream was in a cup. So if it melted, no problemo. it goes in the cup. No mess no fuss. But America....had his in a cone. Now. Yes. A cone is great and delicious but it's messy. The melted ice cream flows down the cone onto your hand, coating your hand and fingers in the sticky and sweet substance. That was exactly what was happening to America. Not wanting to waste any of his free chocolate ice cream, he titled his head, lifted the cone to lick the now liquid ice cream off his fingers, savouring it. Russia looked over to see America licking the cone and not the ice cream. (wait what)

"What are you doing?" Russia snickered.

"Not wasting ice cream." America briefly answered, before swiftly catching a long drop of melted ice cream about to drip onto the ground. He licked it to the top not wanting to leave a stain that might let another drop be wasted.

Russia gulped nervously. (OoOh What you thinkin'?) He quickly gulped the rest of his ice cream before mumbling an incoherent sentence and rushing off towards the direction of the restroom. This left a visibly confused America behind, Ice cream starting to drip onto the ground.

"Uhm..?" He watched Russia go before shrugging and going back to relishing in his ice cream.

Germany came back a little while later to see America halfway

through his dessert on his own.

"Where's Russia?"

"Dunno. He left suddenly just now. Hasn't come back." America replied licking the drops of ice cream still spilling from the cone.

"To where?"

"The bathroom."

Germany glanced at what America was doing and processed what he had said. The pieces were clicking in his head.

"Oh, I see." he softly chuckled.

"What?"

"Nothing." Germany wanted to laugh at America's obliviousness to his half brother's attraction to the shorter male.

"Mm, Kay." America shrugged, finishing his ice cream.

"Ame!" Germany and America turned towards Canada running towards them.

"What?" he replied chewing the last of his chocolate soaked cone.

"Dad and Soviet got the tickets, can you hold on to Russia's too?" Canada passed a bunch of tickets to Germany before speeding through a 'thanks' and 'bye' to rush off and enjoy his time with Ukraine.

"U-uhm..?" Germany stood dumbfounded, a wad of tickets held in his fists.

"I'm gonna go check on Russ, could you wait here for us Germany?"

"Uhm..sure, I guess." he plopped himself on the bench, getting comfortable and watched America wander off to find the bathroom and Russia.

America had lost his way following directions some staff had given

him. They had said 2 lefts, straight until the merry-go-round and then a right and left after the kids' roller-coaster. He was pretty sure he had walked past the kids' roller-coaster. There were a lot of them. Just as he was about to turn around and go back to ask for help, he bumped into someone harshly.

He yelped as he stumbled back.

"Hey! You, kid! You bumped into me!" a gruff voice growled.

"I didn't mean it. I'm sorry." He sighed. The man continued to glare at him. He was bulkier than America but America could beat him. He just didn't want to.

The man Swung a punch at him he managed to dodge. But when he took out a knife, America's blood froze. Knives brought back bad memories. He resorted running away and crashed into yet another person, this time falling.

"Meri?" It was Russia. He nearly cried in relief. Until he heard their voices again.

"Hey, Kid! Come back!"

"What's going on, Meri?"

"I-I bumped into s-some scary g-guy. He has a knife! I apologized but he didn't seem happy." he stuttered shivering now, hiding behind Russia. He nodded understanding the situation and turned to face the said man.

"Hey! Back off. It was an accident. My friend has already said sorry." Russia reasoned. Or tried to.

"He can't just bump into me and expect to get off with a sorry! Do you know who I am??" he growled.

"No. And I don't care. Back off." Russia was getting pissed. He was stronger and taller, but sue to his slouching posture it was hard to tell.

"Hahn? You sure got guts kid. Why don't we fight it out huh?"

Russia straightened up and glared down harshly at the said man, "I. Said. Back. off. Don't you dare hurt my friend."

Damn. That was hot. The way he rolled his Rs and the way he shielded America protectively. America felt his face burn up. He can't believe he just met this dude yesterday and he was already finding him attractive.

The man's legs were now trembling.

"Y-you won't get away with this! I'll get back one day!" he yelled running off.

"There he's gone now, Meri."

"Thank you."

"You okay?"

"Yea, j-just a little shaken up."

Russia embraced America in a tight hug. America blushed. His jacket smelt nice. He was warm too. He let go after a few seconds. America shivered from the loss of warmth.

"Better now?'

He nodded shyly.

"Let's go have fun then." Russia grinned.

"Yea! Let's go!" America returned the gesture as they both went to look for Germany, America's small smooth hands safely tucked in Russia's large cold ones.

1158 words

Aaaaa sorry about theater update. I was busy... (-,v-,)/

Short QnA

Thank you all for 7.1k reads! :D Ya'll never cease to make my day and amaze me :))

So uh school has been really busy lately and I haven't had a lot of time to finish chapters so uh I'll just a hold a quick QnA for now.

My Wattpad also keeps running into problems online when I'm trying to write so it isn't any easier.

Feel free to ask me or the countries in this story questions. I may not be able to answer all questions so I seek your understanding.

Ask away!

: >

-Em-

QnA Answers

I thank everyone who asked questions :)

Thank you for your support.

Asy Cartia: *(@AsyCartia)*

Author human: How do you write so well?? It's really good

Aww, thanks. It's all Grammarly...haha... I think if you're in the mood the words just come to you naturally. Thanks :3 (this is not actually my first book, but it is the first to get over a 1oo reads)

Russia: why are you gay? [*vine reference*]

"who says I'm Gay." (Russia)

You're gay. You literally imply it in chapter 14 good sir.

"Only because you make me."(Russia)

666NekoWeeb666: *(@666NekoWeeb666)*

Where do you get your inspiration from? What are some tips that would actually help me write a book?

I get inspiration from other stories, comics online and things that happen to me in real life. Sometimes it's just a scenario I come up with.

Ehm...well

1. try to set a theme or mood for your story. Like I wanted mine to be relatable.

2. Define how you want the story to end. It's good to have an end goal to work towards.

3. Don't be too long-winded or leave out important information. Try to make sure your readers can follow the storyline.

4. Get Grammarly. :> they're a real lifesaver.

5. Be yourself. If you aren't comfortable with what you're writing, the tone gets awkward. Be confident in what you write but be open to advise :)

QnA Answers Part 2

Mcplaz: (@Mcplaz)

To America: Ask Russia out already!

[image]

"Uh-uh...I've never actually asked anyone out ever...
I've had 1 or 2 crushes but I've never worked up enough courage to ask them out.
I normally wait for them to make the first move...(which never happens)
This is probably going to be the same...
So...yeaa... Besides I don't know if I really really like Russia seriously."

[image]

"W-what..?"

Chapter 13 - Russia -

If you support the American government, I'm sorry. You might find some parts of this chapter offensive. Also late update :/

America was tired. He had spent the last day of his weekend doing advanced math as well as his science project. He had barely gotten any sleep from Saturday and now that he had finally completed his work, he couldn't sleep.

He hated being alone. It always gave him space and time to think. He hated thinking. It hurt him. Being alone made him recall all the bad memories. He choked back a sob. He couldn't be alone. If he stayed put he might escalate again. He grabbed his blankets and trudged to Canada's room.

"Nada?" he knocked softly, his cute stuffed eagle safely huddle under one arm.

Canada had his back facing the door, he was working on editing a book for his work. Upon hearing his name, he turned around to smile softly at America. He often came over to sleep with one of his brothers.

"Yep. Just go to sleep first. I'll be with you in a second, okay?"

America nodded and climbed into Canada's bed shifting into a comfortable position. His thoughts now long forgotten after talking

a little to his older brother. Canada's room had a cosy atmosphere unlike his own, which was dark and cold. It wasn't long before he fell asleep.

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He awoke the next morning, in his bed again. He knew by looking at the panel blue curtains that framed his bedroom window where an aloe-vera plant was growing. It was a gift from New Zeland for his 18th birthday. America named him Pabi. He took care of the plant more than himself. There wasn't any reason behind it. He just did.

Wait. what time is it? He leapt out of bed reaching for his phone. 9, oh he was safe. His classes didn't start until the afternoon. He sighed in relief before pulling the covers over himself again, deciding to laze in bed for a while more.

However, 3 minutes in he received a text from Russia, snapping out of his momentarily dreamy haze. He scrambled to pick up his phone.

Russia :D

Russia :D > Hey America, right?

> Yea, it's me. What's up?

Russia :D > Nothing much. I figured since we have engineering class later we can go get breakfast.

Russia :D > Are you alright with that?

America leapt out of bed. Russia wanted to get breakfast with him! Wait. Why was he so excited? Ah, whatever. He chuckled at Russia's formal tone over texting.

Russia :D > Are you alright with that?

> Yea sure. What time?

Russia :D > 10?

Russia :D > The cafe outside school?

> sure. Wait which one.

Russia :D > The one that sells crazy drinks.

> oh yea sure

> I'll see you there then. :)

Russia :D > Okay. See you.

America grinned as he put down his phone and went to get dressed. He had to take a bath because he hadn't done so last night. He groaned at the prospect of having to meet Russia with semi-wet hair.

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"Where are you going?" America turned around expecting Canada but was met with Australia playing with his pet snake Sofia, and raising at eyebrow at the American.

"U-uh, to meet up with a friend?" America smiled sheepishly.

"Hm. I'll tell Canada for you."

"Thanks, Aus!" America sighed. He tied the last knot on his laces before heading out to the cafe he worked at.

He didn't know Russia visited the cafe. It was almost as if they were always so near but never noticed each other. And somehow fate decided that now it was a good time for them to start meeting coincidentally. It was weird for America.

America hoped to reach there a little early to talk to his manager about his shifts since Britain was back to supporting him and his school fees. He still liked the cafe though. So he was going to keep his job. Especially if that means he would get to 'bump' into Russia more often.

He boarded the bus, a stupid-wide grin on his face as he thought about yesterday's fiasco in the bathroom. Where they both collapsed into a heap of laughter after seeing each other.

"America?" America snapped his head up upon hearing his name. It was Mexico.

He gasped in surprise as he scooted over to leave space for him to sit, "Mexico! What a coincidence!"

"Sí, seguro que lo es. How've you been amigo?" he smiled as he sat down next to him.

"Ah..good. A lot has happened, but I'm doing better. How about you? President still an asshole?"

"Sí, Sí. That puta won't stop imposing taxes for a wall to be built." The Spanish country huffed in annoyance.

"I guessed that was the case. But y' know I can't do much. I guess you're stuck with my ass of a president. And a wall to pay for." America teased.

"Don't start."

"I mean a wall doesn't sound too bad. At least we'll have privacy

and less of your people coming over and getting lost in America." America pushed his luck further.

"Don't push it America."

"Mmm brick would be a good material for buildi- ack!"America yelped as Mexico jabbed him in his side.

"I enjoy your company and support as a close friend but I find it hard to stand your childish and annoying antics. " Mexico huffed.

"Which unfortunately only come out around people I trust. So I trust you." America grinned.

This made Mexico smile too. America never failed to make others smile. America looked up.

"Ah! This is my stop." He got up and was surprised when Mexico got up too.

Mexico laughed sheepishly, "yea..this is my stop too."

They both got off laughing at the coincidence.

America wanted to know if his friend was heading the same way he was, "You're going to the cafe up ahead right?" **(I literally don't know what name to give it. Help me, guys. Comment some suggestions pls.)**

"Yep! It seemed pretty cool, I thought I could get a job there. It would be nice."

"That would be great! I work there! I'd finally have a close friend and countryman to talk to. It's been pretty lonely and hectic being only me, Chase, George and Anya most of the time." America sighed remembering the busy days where crowds of people would flood in and his mouth and hands would hurt from taking orders and writing names and orders. Gosh. Those days he wished there was extra help.

"Well then, I look forward to working with them!" Mexico smiled widely at the thought of meeting new people.

America reached to open the door of the cafe when he noticed a familiar hand reach out to do the same. Their hands touched and they turned to look at each other. Mexico still talking, not realizing the two.

"Russia?"

"America?"

America wheezed and burst into laughter. This alerted Mexico and he became aware of Russia.

"Ah! Russia, what a coincidence! Sorry about America." Mexico sighed. He had no clue why the American was laughing. Russia didn't either.

"Ah, hello comrade." Russia greeted Mexico.

America wheezed harder. Russia frowned.

"S-sorry." America cleared his throat and wiped away his tears, straightening his clothes, catching his breath.

He smiled as he opened the door, "Now then, shall we head in, gentlemen?"

1214 words

Please help me decide a name for the cafe or the school. I don't know because I'm bad at naming things. haha. Please make suggestions. I'd appreciate it a lot.

- Your author-

(Who's wrists hurt and who's brain is starting to run out of ideas. Send help)

Chapter 14 - Breakfast -

Russia sat opposite of Mexico, a thick silence surrounding them. America had left to go speak his manager, Chase about his shift and Mexico. Without America to start a topic and keep it going, and Russia being bad at social interactions, the atmosphere was awkward and tense.

Both parties wanted to converse but weren't sure how to approach the other. They weren't so close after all.

Thankfully, America came back and gestured to Mexico that his manager wanted to see him. Mexico sighed in relief as he quickly stood up and left, America taking his seat opposite Russia.

"So uh, what do you want to eat?" America asked.

"Black coffee and a sandwich please."

"What Sandwich? And just black coffee?"

"Any will do, Yea."

"Alright then." America shrugged. He never knew how people drank

coffee without sugar it was too bitter.

He walked up to the counter to see George.

"George! My buddy!" the said man perked up upon seeing a familiar face.

"Meri!" He grinned.

"Morning, how're you doing?" America returned a smile as he fist-bumped George.

"Oh good. It's not so busy today, kinda boring though. Anya's slacking." George sighed, "So what'll you have?"

"Oh, black coffee, ham and cheese sandwich, a caramel frappe and uhhhh..cinnamon roll." America slid a 20 dollar note across the marble countertop.

George grinned, "I gotcha." he keyed in the order, printed out the receipt, took out the change while writing orders on 2 plastic cups and a piece of paper, sliding it to the side. All in record time.

America raised an eyebrow impressed, "Impressive." George nodded smiling as he passed the change to America.

"You on a date or something?" he teased. America felt a blush rise to his cheeks.

"Nah man, just grabbing breakfast with a friend." He quickly shot down any ideas of him and Russia 'dating' from George's mind.

"Damn. He's cute though." Anya interrupted, giving George a fright. America almost blurted out a 'yea'.

"Holy bejeezus. Anya!" George gasped.

"Hey, help out with the order."

"Alright." George went to get the sandwich and roll while Anya made the drinks.

"What's his name?" Anya asked out of the blue.

"W-what?" America jerked upright. He had been leaning against the counter, staring at Russia.

"Your friend."

"O-oh, Russia."

"Cool. He's single?"

"How would I know that? Why do you want to know anyways." America looked up at Anya confused.

"I don't know maybe you two are dating in secret or something." She grinned, America glared at her playfully.

"But he is cute. I wouldn't mind giving him a go if he would give me a shot." America felt his stomach clench a little at Anya's words. He shrugged it off.

"I'll introduce him to you, 'kay?"

"Thanks, Meri, you're the best." She grins as she places a steaming hot cup of Black coffee and a cold caramel frappe on the counter as George came back with the warm sandwich and roll. He nodded gratefully to the two and grabbed the items, struggling with it slightly, and headed to the table.

As he neared the table, Russia noticed his presence and looked up to see America struggling. He leapt up to help him. America flashed Russia a grateful smile. They settled down and begun to eat.

"Hey, you're not dating anyone right?" America asked as Russia sipped on his coffee. He choked and started coughing.

America watched as Russia slowly caught his breath, "n-no why?"

Russia hated how raspy and hoarse his voice sounded. He coughed once and felt his throat burn slightly.

"You interested." Russia grinned as he felt better.

It was America's turn to choke. No. Not over his drink, his words.

"I-I, u-uh, hah, n-no, haha, erm, why w-would I be?" he laughed and stumbled over his words.

"Whatever you say, Meri." There it was, that stupidly cute nickname. America thought to himself, some heat rising to his cheeks.

"I'm just asking for a friend y' know. I know you're not gay." America huffed.

"Really? And how do you know I'm not gay."

"Yea. It's like a gaydar. And you're not on it."

"Are you sure?" Russia smirked as he leaned across the table to grab America's face and make him face him, "Or am I just making your gaydar go haywire so you can't sense me."

He let go and slumped back into his seat satisfied with America's reaction. America excused himself to the bathroom as Russia watches him go, a sense of pride swelling in his chest.

Meanwhile, America was washing his face in the bathroom, trying to get Russia flirting with him out of his mind. It wasn't working very well. His accent was so attractive. Usually, he would be the one flirting, so Russia flirting with him caught him off guard.

It took him a while but after he managed to calm down a bit he returned to his seat to see Russia talking to Anya. They seemed to be smiling, Russia was blushing slightly. They took out their phones, they were exchanging numbers. America felt a twinge of jealousy in his heart. He felt sad. Probably cause he's my friend and I'm jealous of the fact that he's good looking. America thought to himself.

He reached the table in time to hear Anya send a wink Russia's way and say "Call ya later big boy."

He watched as Russia's face went a light shade of red. America frowned. He stormed over to where Russia was staring at Anya's

back.

"You done flirting with her or what?" America remarks snidely. He hadn't meant for it to come out so sassily, it just did.

"W-what?" Russia snapped out of his daze to see America packing his things and grabbing his coffee.

"C'mon we gotta go to class," America replied shortly as he sped walk past Russia and made a beeline for the door.

Russia scrambled to get his things together and catch up to America. He trailed behind America as they walked on the sidewalk, Russia struggling to properly adjust his bag and coat, all while carrying his Breakfast. He stumbled once or twice, unable to comprehend why America was suddenly being so sassy. He didn't quite mind it but he was sure America was upset and that he minded.

Once he had got his things together, he caught up to America quickly. This just made America walk faster.

"Hey! Meri, why are you walking so fast? What did I do?" He asked as America ignored him.

"Hey! Meri! Talk to me! Are you mad at me?" he tried again but to no avail. America only sped up.

He groaned in annoyance as he grabbed America's wrists, halting him. America felt the Russian's warm hands envelop his wrist and tug him back, making him stop his angry stomping.

Just as his angry stomping had stopped, his anger slowly faded into guilt. He was being so selfish. He couldn't believe he let his rage get the better of him. Russia hadn't done anything to him, so why was he giving Russia colour? He didn't have an explanation as to why he was so angry either. He felt tears prick at the corner of his eyes.

"America. What's wrong." Russia turned America's whole body around to look him in his eyes, to find his sunglasses in the way. But he saw a tear roll down the American's cheek. He sighed as he pulled the shorter male into a warm hug as he sobbed into his

jacket.

_____

1242 words

Back to regular updates, might have some delays, feel free to check my other story while waiting for an update :>

I update every Thursday for this book and Saturday for the other one.

Chapter 15 - Love..? -

Russia slowly guided them to a nearby park bench and plopped him and America down, slowly shifting into a more comfortable position. America was now on his lap, curled up, his head buried in his chest as he cried. Russia rubbed his back softly to comfort him, the other arm wrapped around the American as he said nothing.

America, on the other hand, felt much better being in Russia's warm embrace. He didn't care if it was Gay. He needed this. He clung onto Russia as if he was going to disappear if he let go. He had to admit his hoodies smelt nice, like lavender, honey, and fresh mint.

He slowly calmed down and was now sniffing instead of full-on sobbing. He still had his sunglasses on. Russia was itching to remove them and just stare into his probably glossy eyes. America so badly wanted to just remove his glasses and wipe his eyes, but he couldn't risk it with Russia around.

It was annoying having tears in his eyes though. He ended up lifting his sunglasses with his fists, squeezing his eyes shut, clearing the tears in his eyes while burying his head further into Russia's hoodie hoping he wouldn't notice. Russia noticed. He stopped rubbing America's back and reached to remove America's glasses from his

forehead.

America, still has his eyes closed and head buried in his friend's chest didn't notice until he felt the plastic slide out from the back of his ears. He jolted a little and flinched when Russia attempted to look into his eyes. He screwed his eyes tightly shut as he grabbed at the air around him trying to get his glasses back.

Russia found it amusing to watch America grab at nothing. He had hidden the sunglasses behind his back. As much as he would like to sit around and watch the adorable American struggle, he had another motive.

He grabbed the American's hands, stopping his futile grabbing. The American's wrists and hands were so small, he could hold them together with one hand. He used the other to lift America's chin such that his face was looking up to the Russian's.

The American didn't struggle, still pretty shocked at was going, on he could not process what was happening before it happened. But when he did it was too late. Russia had gotten a good look at his eyes.

Russia kept a firm grip on the American's squishy cheeks as he stared in amazement at his button-eyes. The smooth silky blue thread seemed to attach the buttons to his eye sockets, the button's themselves were a lovely sky blue.

Wait. Button eyes? Oops. Wrong script.

Take 2.

Russia kept a firm grip on the American's squishy cheeks as he stared in amazement into the country's eyes. The right one was a light and dark blue while his left eye was a vibrant and cheery red, yellow and orange. There was no doubt the country before him had heterochromia. He had never seen it in real life before. But it was breathtaking.

He felt the American squirm uncomfortably in his grasp, his eyes tightly squeezed shut. He let go quickly realising he was making the

American uncomfortable.

The American scrambled off Russia's lap and sat down awkwardly next to him.

There was a tense silence between the two until America spoke.

"You saw them right?"

Russia assumed he meant his eyes so he nodded.

"They're weird right? You can go and tell everyone now. Or are you going to use it to blackmail me?" America asked. Russia looked over in shock to see an angry expression on the American's face.

"No. They're pretty."

"You're lying to make me feel better, "

"I'm not their pretty really."

"How do I know you're not lying."

Russia winced at America's harsh tone.

"Because they're so pretty it makes me want to do this," Russia whispered as he leaned towards America's face and kissed him gently.

America's lips felt nice, soft and warm against his own. He also tasted sweet, probably from his breakfast earlier. He liked it. He wanted this to last as long as possible.

America tensed up as he felt Russia's lips press onto his gently. A million thought raced through his brain.

What the hell was going on? Should he kiss back? Push away? Was this wrong?

America wasn't going to deny that it felt nice. Hell, he even enjoyed it. But before he could properly decide how to react, Russia had pulled away. He had the lingering taste of sweet cinnamon on his

lips. He licked his lips, smiling before looking at America, then his smile faltered.

"O-oh, uh, sorry. Shit. what is it you guys say? No homo?" Russi stuttered as he realised he had just kissed a friend without their consent.

America's face grew red just as Russia's did. Well, this was awkward. How was America supposed to respond to that now?

He won't deny he just wanted to crash his lips back onto the Russian's chapped and warm ones but that would be going against the bro code. So he did the only thing he could think off.

"Full Homo," America whispered as he grabbed the flaps of Russia's fluffy ushanka and pulled his face closer to his.

He sucked in a breath as he let his soft lips indulge in Russia's chapped ones. They fit perfectly together. He felt the Russian relax and melt into the kiss, slowly kissing back. He nipped on America's bottom lip, tugging at it slightly.

Oh god. That was super hot to the American. He was such a good kisser America felt his knees go weak.

America groaned into the kiss and Russia took this chance to shove his tongue into his warm mouth which still tasted like the sweet caffeinated drink and cinnamon. Their teeth were clashing with each other in a painful but somehow pleasurable way. Russia swirled his tongue around America's. America felt a tingle go down his spine when Russia did that. He accidentally choked out a moan, but it was muffled out by Russia's mouth.

America tugged at Russia's ushanka, signalling he needed to breathe. Russia pulled away, a string of saliva connecting his tongue to America's. America wiped his mouth with his sleeve as he struggled to catch his breath.

Once he had inhaled enough air to at least utter out a sentence, he huffed out, "I think I might like you."

1055 words

Chapter 17: Love Rain

-last chapter-

"Russia!" America smiled widely at the sight of his beloved Russian.

"Hey, Ame. You ready?"

"Ready as I'll ever be!" America huffed out as he hugged the Russian tightly.

It had been roughly a month since they had gotten together. Their relationship wasn't all smooth though. There were times when they would fight over the littlest things. But there are also good moments. Like when they burned the midnight oil helping each other with school projects.

All in all, everything had been going well for the 2. So they decided to break the news to their family. Not like most of them didn't know or suspect already

"How was work?"

"Karen came again. She tried to pull the 'you got my order wrong! I want a free drink' thing again. Thankfully Kevin and Mexico were there to help save the day!" America sighed.

"Sounds tough." Russia nodded.

"How was your day?"

"Well...I got offered an internship at a company. Just a small job coding."

"That's awesome Ruski! Congrats!" America grinned happily.

"Thanks, but nothing makes me happier than you."

"Still as smooth as ever." America giggled.

"Only around you." America blushed slightly.

"Come here, you big softie." America chuckled as he pulled Russia into a soft and chaste kiss.

"Are you two lovebirds done kissing?" They pulled away to be met with the annoyed sight of Canada and Ukraine.

"Not like you two don't do it too." America stuck out his tongue at his older brother.

"Not as much as you two." Canada retorted.

America just rolled his eyes as Russia laughed and pulled him into the restaurant.

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"What?" Britain choked on his food.

Soviet was indifferent, "saw it coming."

Britain glared at Soviet as the Russian man just smirked victoriously.

Third and France were congratulating the two.

"I'm pretty sure most of us saw it coming." Belarus laughed as she continued her meal.

"Yea just wanted to come clean." Russia nodded.

"So when are you two going to become official?" Belarus smirked as she jabbed Ukraine.

Ukraine pushed her younger sister away, "When we want to."

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They had finished their meal. Apparently Soviet and Britain had a bet. If this gathering was for Russia and America to announce that they were together, Britain would pay, if not Soviet would take the bill.

Britain sulked as he looked at the receipt. Soviet was smiling rather creepily.

"Thanks for lunch dad." America smiled, "I and Russia will be going first."

Britain nodded solemnly, still sulking over the lost bet. Belarus and Ukraine were whistling and Russia blushed.

"Shut up!" Russia growled as his siblings laughed.

"Go get that ass!" Belarus teased as the couple walked off. Russia turned around to flip her off. America laughed.

"So where do you want to go now that we've got them off our backs?" America grinned excitedly.

"We should go to the park." Russia smiled as he remembered how he had first encountered the American.

"Sounds good, the weather's looking pretty good." America smiled as he started off to the park, only to be stopped by a drop of water.

The pitter-patter of the raindrops surrounded America as he realised it had begun to drizzle.

"Ah I spoke too soon, maybe we can make it shelter before it-" before he could finish it begun to rain heavily.

Russia snickered, "you were saying?"

"Shut up!" America glowered.

"This kind off reminds me when we first met."

"Yea it does. The bench is even there." America giggled as the two soaked countries approached the park bench.

"So, reckon we should head home?"

"No, let's just sit here, we are already soaked anyway." America sighed as he took a seat on the bench. Russia doing the same.

"Okay...Just sit here and do what?" Russia murmured as America leaned on his arm and he wrapped it around him.

America relaxed into his touch.

"America-" he was cut off as America leaned forward and swiftly captured his wet lips with his own.

The taste of rainwater and sweet sugar was met with coffee and mint as their lips moved in sync.

"You talk too much Rus. Just shh." America mumbled as he pulled away and snuggled into Russia's laps. Russia hummed satisfied and wrapped his arms around the small American. He placed a short kiss on America's forehead before leaning back into the bench and relaxing. They slowly dozed off to the cool water hitting their skin and the sound of their soft breathing. (Please don't try this at home kids. Seriously don't)

-fin-

A/N

Sorry for the bad ending, I really wanted to end this story and focus on my other stories. I'm also not very into the countryhumans fandom anymore. I am still a fan though. I'm thankful for all your support and sorry if the ending disappointed you.

If you want an epilogue, please feel free to ask for one, if enough people want one, I might consider making one. I need ideas for it though, so it would help if you could contribute some things you want to see in the epilogue. :D

Thank you for reading and journeying with me, Russia and America on this train wreck of a story! Enjoy!

Chapter 16: Ships, ships and more ships

It has been a week since the kissing incident and Russia decided to give America a shot. For a week or so. They just wanted to see how things went and maybe if they still liked each other they could get serious.

Japan and Nekomi still treated it like they were going to get married or something. They both agreed to tell their parents if they were going to get serious. Canada supported them, Belarus squealed, Germany laughed saying he knew it would happen and teased the two constantly.

But right now, America and Russia were out with their friends at a naval museum looking at boats. It was for an assignment for certain courses, like America's and Japan, but they decided to bring their friends along. They were planning to get lunch and then maybe the aquarium after that.

But at the moment it was chaos.

"Who's got the tickets?" Russia asked.

"I want a snack!"Nekomi whined as she tugged in Japan's sleeve.

"Can we go in already?" Germany sighed. Poland shrugged.

"I have tickets! " South raised his hand which held the tickets. North trailed behind.

Finland and Estonia were just talking to America.

"Okay guys, I think we should split up, staying in such a big group is going to be a disaster. Just collect as much info as you need, we'll meet back here 3 hours later?" Russia suggested.

Everyone nodded.

South and North grouped with the japan twins almost immediately. Germany and Poland Decided to gon their own while Finland, Estonia, America and Russia decided to walk together. South handed out the tickets and everyone spread out.

Russia felt a hand grab at his own and he looked back to see America smiling up at him. He blushed as he let his hands envelop the American's smaller one.

He heard Finland whistle and Estonia giggle behind them. His cheeks instantly felt the heat rise to his cheeks. America didn't seem to mind though.

"Ooh! Battleships! Can we go there?" America's face lit up with a large smile upon seeing the sign.

"I didn't know you were into battleships." Russia laughed as America dragged Russia into the exhibition room, Finland and Estonia trailing behind slowly.

"Who wouldn't be! They're so cool!" America sighed as he fawned over one of the battleships from world war 2 on display.

Russia frowned, a little jealous of his boyfriend's attention being focused one some stupid metal vessels and not him.

"Hey, we're here to study not for fun." Russia huffed.

America turned around to stare at Russia, "I know grumpy head. I just want to have some fun too, don't want to too?" he pouted.

Russia sighed and nodded. He couldn't refuse him.

"Just don't get too distracted."

"Aww, are you jealous?"America teased as he grabbed the sides of Russia's face, forcing him to stare into the American's eyes through his sunglasses.

Russia blushed at the close proximity, "tch, maybe." he mumbled.

"C'mon Ruski, I can't read your mind. You need to tell me what you

want." America smiled wider.

Russia blushed, knowing what America wanted him to say. There was no way in hell he was saying it here.

"Why don't you guess?" Russia smirked.

Oh, he was going to turn the tables. America blushed. He couldn't bring himself to reply.

"Cat got your tongue?" Russia grinned.

"No. But I can." America suddenly grinned, finding confidence in his pick-up line.

He dragged Russia down so that he could kiss him. He didn't wait before slipping his tongue into Russia's mouth and gently nibbling on his tongue. He wasn't lying about getting Russia's tongue. He pulled away with a giggle, leaving a shocked Russia to process what had happened.

"This is a museum, not a love hotel. I suggest you hop on over across the street and get a room." Finland snickered. Estonia smacked him in the arm.

"Yeah, right, like you two weren't making out behind that wall." Russia fought back.

Finland and Estonia's faces lit up immediately. Finland cursed before leading Estonia to the next gallery. America chuckled to himself.

"Let's go have fun too." America grabbed Russia's hand and dragged him to see the next exhibit.

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The whole place was filled with ships. Not just marine ships or battleships. Ship, ships. Every corner you turn there would be at least a couple making out or being all lovey-dovey. It was driving

Russia and America crazy.

They were almost done exploring the museum. They only had one exhibit left. Just as they turned a corner, they met South pinning Japan to a wall. They stopped for a second.

"Sorry for interrupting." America blurted out, grabbing Russia's hand and speeding off to the last exhibition.

"W-wait! Ame! NO! Come back! Help me!" was the last thing they heard. Russia felt a twinge of guilt for leaving Japan there. But he would rather stay with his American lover than interrupt South and Japan's love session.

"Should we leave him like that?" Russia asked, the guilt finally getting to him.

"He'll be fine. Besides, it's his chance to finally tell South how he feels and stop bothering me about it." Amera huffed as he and Russia settled down on a bench.

"Are you happy with me?" America asked out of blue shocking Russia.

"Of course, why wouldn't I?" Russia chuckled as he dragged America into a hug and wrapped his large hands around his small, smooth ones.

America hummed happily as they laid against the wall, cuddled up, enjoying the ocean like the effect created by the lighting in the exhibition.

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Everyone was too busy being lovey-dovey in the museum to keep track of time. By the time everyone had gathered, The aquarium had closed already and it was nearing dinnertime. The group of friends decided to get dinner instead.

Although for some reason Germany and Poland decided not to join their friends for dinner. Odd. America had thought to himself, but Russia knew why immediately after looking at him excited Poland was. Japan and Nekomi giggled. It was so obvious they were going for a date. South had to stop Nekomi from suggesting to crash it. There were some disagreements about stalking the couple, but everyone could agree on one thing.

They had seen enough ships in one day and it was time to take a break.

1037 words

Epilogue

America groaned, stretching his arms and neck. His shoulders gave a satisfying pop as he hummed in relief.

He felt a pair of hands slide around his waist and jolted in surprise. He relaxed into the person's touch upon seeing the familiar vermillion coloured hands. He leaned back and gazed into the amber eyes of the other. As if communicating with each other silently, the taller country leaned down and kissed the tired country who sighed upon feeling his lips on his.

The American tilted his head a little and opened his mouth a little to catch a breath, but the Russian's tongue slid into his mouth and pried it open. America groaned as he lifted his arms to grab at the Russian's face.

"Ew." they slowly pulled away to see their beautiful girl standing at the doorway covering her eyes.

America laughed, Russia grumbled.

"What's up, sweetcheeks?" America opened his arms for the girl to run up to him.

"Alexi is making a lot of noise. I can't sleep." she pouts as she climbed into America's lap.

"Alright, papa will talk to him, I'll tuck you in, okay?" America smiled warmly as he got up, carefully carrying the child.

Russia sighed as he went to find Alexander.

After Russia and America had settled down, gotten married(yes) and had their own stable source of incomes, they decided to adopt children. It was mainly America's idea, but Russia fell in love with the kids upon meeting them. They had adopted Alexander, a

Russian teenager and Abigail, a 5-year-old American.

It was a struggle being parents at first especially with Alexander being a teenager. But the two had slowly gotten used to it, and so did the children. However, they did not appreciate their parent's lovey-dovey act around them.

America tucked Abigail in when she suddenly called out to him, "can you tell me a story?"

America blinked in surprise, "Sure, anything for you Abi. What do you want to hear?"

America turned to the bookshelf in the little girl's room, waiting for her reply.

"How did you and papa meet?" America nearly choked.

"Well, it's a long story." America chuckled nervously.

"I wanna hear, please?" she smiled brightly. America couldn't say no.

"Sure thing Abi."

"Yay."

"Sit tight. Well, it all began thanks to the weather."

"Weather?"

"Yes, it was the rain that brought us together." America smiled, "We met in a park during a rainy day, Abi."

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America closed the door behind him gently after making sure the girl was asleep. He smiled to himself as he remembered the first few times he and his husband had met as complete strangers. He chuckled remembering the time they met in the bathroom and

couldn't stop laughing.

"What's on your mind?"

"Nothing."

"Not even me?" Russia smirked as America blushed slightly.

"Maybe." America smiled. He still falls for the stupid Russian"s pick up lines. What could he say, this man was a smooth motherducker. He leaned forward and crashed into his lover's warm chest and wrapped his arms tightly around him.

"Canada got on his knees," Russia announced. America didn't move.

"Good for him and Ukraine. I thought those two were never get together." America laughed as he snuggled deeper into Russia's warm embrace.

"Mhm." Russia hummed.

"I'm tired." Russia nodded and led his sleepy American to their shared bedroom, gently guiding both of their bodies to the soft bed.

Russia smiled as he spooned the unconscious American happily. He was truly blessed. Thank goodness for the rain.

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-fin-

ya'll wanted an epilogue, sorry it's shit. :(

Thanks for your support! Love u guys! Your comments never ever failed to make my day. Not once has any of your comments failed to make me smile. So thank you :)